

THE

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OF

LITERATURE AND ART.



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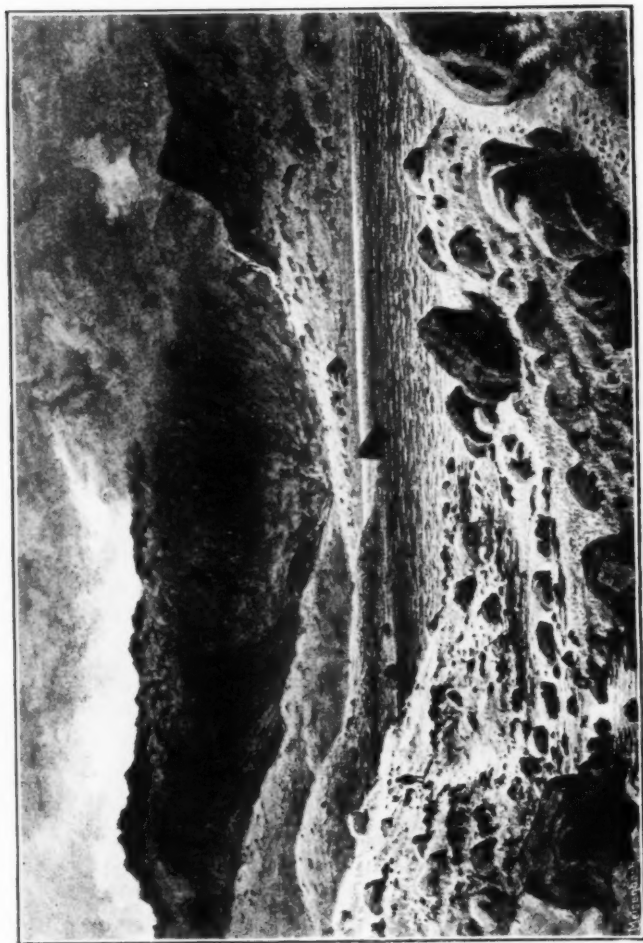
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EASDALE TARN.

From a drawing by Wood Hogg.



BOOKS FOR GENERAL READERS.

BY ALEXANDER IRELAND.

UNDER the head of "The Best Hundred Books," there appeared last year in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a number of letters from persons of note in the literary world. These letters indicated a very wide difference of opinion as to the merits and worth of certain well-known authors. Many of the books recommended were only suited for classical scholars and readers of superior culture. The careful perusal of the lists referred to led me to consider whether it would not be desirable to provide one more fitted to the needs and tastes of a less favourably situated class. I therefore venture to propose a list of books suitable for those who have received an imperfect education—or an education only of an average kind. Among this class—which may be called the *unlearned*—may be included skilled artisans, shopkeepers and their assistants, warehousemen, clerks of every kind—in banks, shops, warehouses, factories, lawyers' chambers, railway and public offices, post and telegraph offices—in short, persons of all grades engaged in trade and manufactures. There are thousands following these various employments, with tastes and aspirations above their often uncongenial and monotonous surroundings, desirous of improving their minds in their leisure hours, and with earnest longings after knowledge. To such persons some advice and guidance as to

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reading and intellectual improvement may be found useful. Many of the frugal and self-respecting among this class can spare a little out of their earnings for the purchase of books, and would be glad to know how to invest that little judiciously. Owing to the extension of the Free Lending Library system—now in operation in nearly one hundred and fifty towns of the kingdom—a list of books offering considerable choice and variety will be found useful by those who avail themselves of these admirable institutions. Without some guidance many a reader must feel at a loss what books to select. Ere long there will, no doubt, be published suitable guide books to the free libraries, which will greatly increase their usefulness.

Here, before proceeding further, let us try to realise what the ability to read and the access to books mean. To use the words of Lowell, they mean that "It is the key which admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination; to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and the wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moment. That it enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time. More than that, it annihilates time and space for us; it revives for us without a miracle the age of wonder, endowing us with the shoes of swiftness and the cap of darkness, so that we walk invisible. . . . We often hear of people who will descend to any servility, submit to any insult, for the sake of getting themselves or their children into what is euphemistically called good society. Did it ever occur to them that there is a select society of all the centuries to which they and theirs can be admitted for asking, a society too, which will not involve them in ruinous expense, and still more ruinous waste of time and health and faculties? Southey tells us that in his walk one stormy day, he met an old woman to whom, by

way of greeting, he made the rather obvious remark "that it was dreadful weather." She answered philosophically, "that, in her opinion, *any* weather was better than none." I should be half-inclined to say that any reading was better than none. A Yankee proverb says, "that though all deacons are good, there's odds in deacons." Among books, certainly, there is much variety of company, ranging from the best to the worst—from Plato to Zola—and the first lesson in reading well is that which teaches us to distinguish between literature and merely printed matter. The choice lies wholly with ourselves—we have the key put into our hands; "shall we unlock the pantry or the oratory?"

In drawing up a list of books for the guidance of the class of persons named, I see no good reason for confining the number to one hundred. In some of the departments of literature indicated, a considerable choice is provided, so that the reader can make his own selection, which will be decided by some determining consideration or circumstance, or by his own mental idiosyncrasy. It is better that the list should be full rather than too scanty. The books recommended will be found mainly easy of comprehension. I have avoided abstruse books, and such as would weary the reader. In the list it will be seen that there is an ample choice of works of entertainment as well as of instruction and positive knowledge. A few books are provided to meet the wants of minds given to free inquiry and independent thought. To works of imagination I attach the highest importance, as will be gathered from the prominence given to them. To those engaged all day in dull and wearisome work, and whose surroundings it is not in their power to vary, nothing is so refreshing in the leisure evening hours as wholesome works of imagination. The mind soon

becomes interested in such reading, and is not tasked by it. The humble home or lonely lodging insensibly loses its dulness, and its occupant lives amidst livelier scenes. He becomes detached, as it were, from his surroundings, and inhabits for a time a brighter world than the one he is accustomed to. This power of detachment gradually, but surely, exercises a refining influence, and strengthens the feeling of self-dependence.

On the subject of imaginative literature and the cultivation of the imagination, Mr. Goschen delivered a lecture some years ago to the members of a popular institute, in which he gave utterance to views on this subject so entirely in accordance with those long held by me, that I cannot refrain from quoting them. "I wish you to be able to look beyond your own lives, and have pleasure in surroundings different from those in which you move. I want you to be able to sympathise with other times, to be able to understand the men and women of other countries, and to love the intense enjoyment of mental change of scene. I do not only want you to know dry facts, I want the heart to be stirred as well as the intellect. I want you to feel more and live more than you can do if you only know what surrounds yourselves. I want the action of the imagination, the sympathetic study of history and travels, the broad teaching of the poets, and, indeed, of the best writers of other times and other countries, to neutralise and check the dwarfing influence of necessarily narrow careers and necessarily stunted lives. That is what I mean when I ask you to cultivate the imagination. I want to introduce you to other, wider, and nobler fields of thought, and to open up vistas of other worlds, whence refreshing and bracing breezes will stream upon your minds and souls. . . . And do not believe for one moment that the cultivation of this quality

will disgust you or disqualify you for your daily tasks. I hold a very contrary view. I spoke just now of mental change of scene; and as the body is better for a change of scene and a change of air, so I believe that the mind is also better for occasional changes of mental atmosphere. I do not believe that it is good either for men or women always to be breathing the atmosphere of the business in which they are themselves engaged. I want you—if I may use the phrase—to breathe the bracing ozone of the imagination, and over what worlds will not fancy enable you to roam? The world of the past, ideal worlds, and other worlds beyond your sight, probably brighter worlds, possibly more interesting worlds than the narrow world in which most of us are compelled to live; at all events, different worlds, and worlds that give us change."

A distinguished American essayist and divine—Dr. Channing—says: "To make self-culture effectual, a man must select good books, such as have been written by right-minded and strong-minded men, real thinkers; who, instead of diluting what others say, have something to say for themselves, and write to give relief to full, earnest souls; and these works must not be skimmed over for amusement, but read with fervid attention, and a reverential love of truth." In selecting books we may be aided much by those who have studied more than ourselves. But, after all, it is best to be determined in this particular a good deal by our own tastes. The best books for a man are not always those which the wise recommend, but oftener those which meet the peculiar wants, the natural thirst of his mind, and, therefore, awaken interest and rivet thought. Self-culture must vary with the individual. All means do not equally suit us all. A man must unfold himself freely, and should respect the peculiar gifts or tendencies by which Nature has distinguished him from others. Self-culture does not

demand the sacrifice of individuality. As the human countenance, with the same features in us all, is diversified without end in the race, and is never the same in any two individuals, so the human soul with the same grand powers and laws, expands into an infinite variety of forms, and would be stunted by modes of culture requiring all men to learn the same lessons, or to bend to the same rules.

Of a large number of the books named in my list the humble student may, by reasonable economy and self-denial, become the possessor in a comparatively short time—thanks to the recent beneficent cheapening of good literature. The others he can borrow from the libraries which now exist in most of our large towns. The reader is furnished with an abundant variety of subjects and authors, so that he need not be limited in his tastes or likings. He can read either for entertainment or instruction. I would counsel him to mingle both, not allowing entertainment to absorb too great a portion of his precious leisure hours. Of a great many of the books named I can speak from personal knowledge. Those not known by me can be recommended from the knowledge of others, upon whose judgment reliance may be placed. In naming suitable books in the departments of History and Political Economy I have received valuable advice from an accomplished man of letters and thinker, whose name, if I were at liberty to give it, would carry with it the highest authority. In a few instances I have ventured to say a few critical words on authors deserving special attention and study, whose writings have been long familiar to me, but who are not so well known by this generation as they ought to be. If my recommendation should lead any reader to become acquainted with their works, I shall feel that this attempt to call attention to them has not been fruitless.

Wise, sound-headed, practical Samuel Johnson says: "I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study—I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him, for what he reads as a task will do him little good." The late Lord Iddesleigh, whose recent sudden death has saddened many hearts—a man of fine culture and stainless character—kind to all, courteous, considerate, wide-minded and just—delivered more than a year ago, in his capacity of Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, an address to the students on Desultory Reading. This address is well worthy of a careful perusal. In it he discussed in an easy, familiar way, the pleasures, the dangers, and the uses of desultory reading—bringing to bear on the subject his singular fairness of mind, his literary experience, the richness and abundance of his reading, and his capacity for estimating the advantages and disadvantages of every course and practice of thought and study. It was refreshing to see a man of this stamp stepping aside from the din of political strife and entering, even for a brief time, into the tranquil region of literature. He is of opinion that by reading in the right spirit it is possible so to pursue "a seemingly desultory course of reading as to render it more truly beneficial than an apparently deeper and serious method of study, and that desultory reading is not necessarily idle or indolent reading." In the course of his address he gives the opinions on this subject of Johnson, Scott, Carlyle, and other notable men of letters, laying special stress on the words of Dr. Thomas Arnold, whom he speaks of as an eminently wise counsellor, more particularly of youth. With Arnold's well-weighed words, I will conclude these introductory pages: "Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is

not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who has read deeply one class of writers alone get views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination. This is perfectly free to any man, but whether the amount be large or small, *let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied*. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind, it is on this."

LIST OF BOOKS.

RELIGION.

(For obvious reasons no theological works are named.)

THE BIBLE.

ST. AUGUSTINE: Confessions.

[St. Augustine's Confessions form the first volume of The Library of the Fathers of the Holy Catholic Church, revised from a former translation by Dr. Pusey. In a preface of 32 pages he gives an account of this remarkable book, written in the last years of the fourth century. Its general purport is to view everything habitually in God's sight and in His light, leading the reader more sensibly into His presence, in which he himself unceasingly lived and thought. "Of all his works the Confessions is most filled with the fire of the love of God, and most calculated to kindle it in the heart of man."]

THOMAS À KEMPIS: The Imitation of Christ.

THEOLOGIA GERMANICA.

[Luther said he owed more to this than to any other book, saving the Bible and St. Augustine. The Rev. C. Kingsley, in his preface to the English translation of it, says: "There will be found in this book germs of wider and deeper wisdom than its good author ever dreamed of . . . it will teach the way to lead, in whatever station of life one may be placed, a truly man-like, because a truly Christ-like and Godlike life."]

JEREMY TAYLOR: Holy Living; Holy Dying; and some of his Sermons.

JOHN BUNYAN: The Pilgrim's Progress.

JAMES MARTINEAU: Endeavours after the Christian Life.

[This work is entirely unsectarian.]

DEAN CHURCH: The Sacred Poetry of Early Religions.

Professor MAX MÜLLER: The History of Oriental and other Religions (see Essayists, p. 130).

F. W. NEWMAN : The Soul, Her Sorrows and Aspirations.

[Remarkable for its tone of faithfulness and sincerity, its force of thought and freshness of feeling.]

Sacred Anthology, being Selections from the Scriptures and Sacred Books of the East, by M. D. Conway.

W. R. ALGER : A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life.

[This is an elaborate history of the opinions concerning the future of the soul. Every portion of the subject is presented with clearness, thoroughness, and impartiality. It is followed by a list of all the books that have been written on the subject (over 5,000) arranged in chronological order and with an alphabetical index.]

HISTORY.

FREDERIC HARRISON : Two Lectures on The Meaning and Connection of History.

E. A. FREEMAN : History of the Norman Conquest.

HUME : The Student's Hume, a History of England to 1688, with continuation to 1878.

J. R. GREEN : A Short History of the English People. There is also an enlarged edition of this work. The Making of England.

G. L. CRAIK : The Pictorial History of England, being a history of the people as well as a history of the kingdom.

J. A. FROUDE : History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Spanish Armada ; The English in Ireland in the 18th century.

LORD MACAULAY : A History of England.

STANHOPE'S History of England from The Peace of Utrecht (1713 to 1783).

GARDINER'S Outlines of English History.

BROWNING'S Modern England.

PAYNE'S European Colonies.

Sir ERSKINE MAY'S Constitutional History of England (1760-1870).

C. BEARD : Hibbert Lectures—The English Reformation.

[Of this work Mr. Gladstone says : "I have never read anything so good in so brief a compass on the English Reformation."]

GUIZOT : The English Revolution.

J. FORSTER : Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth.

T. CARLYLE : Life and Letters of Cromwell.

W. E. H. LECKY : A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.

A. ALISON : History of Europe, 1795-1815.

The French Revolution—Histories by MIGNET, MICHÉLET, LOUIS BLANC.

DE TOCQUEVILLE: State of Society in France before the Revolution.

T. CARLYLE: The French Revolution: A History.

[For vivid, pictorial power, unequalled in English literature.]

In MR. FREDERIC HARRISON'S "The Choice of Books and other Literary Papers" is an article on the merits of the various historians of the French Revolution.

Professor SEELEY: A Short History of Napoleon the First.

LANFREY: Life of Napoleon I.

[Considered by his biographer as the greatest impostor in modern history.]

FREEMAN'S Old English History for Children (by no means for them only).

Miss MARTINEAU: A History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, 1816-1846.

SPENSER WALPOLE: A History of England from the conclusion of the Great War in 1815.

[This is a veritable history, which relates, adequately, clearly, and impartially, and in a style of singular attractiveness and charm, the events of a period within the memory of men now living.]

HALLAM'S Constitutional History of England.

CREASY'S Rise and Progress of the English Constitution.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY: The History of Our Own Times.

Bishop STUBBS: The Constitutional History of England.

SEELEY: The Expansion of England.

FROUDE: Oceana; or, England and Her Colonies.

E. A. FREEMAN: Growth of the English Constitution.

Professor DICEY: The English Constitution.

How we are Governed, a Handbook of the Constitution, Government, Laws, &c., of Great Britain, by HOLDSWORTH and FONBLANQUE.

SHELDON AMOS: A Primer of the English Constitution.

H. DUNCKLEY: The Relations of the Crown and the Cabinet, by "Verax."

[Remarkable for its singularly able treatment of an important subject, imperfectly understood, and seldom discussed.]

Concise Histories of Greece and Rome, *e.g.*, SMITH'S Greece, SCHMITZ'S Rome, LIDDELL'S Rome. For those who wish to read larger histories there are those of GROTE, NIEBUHR, MOMMSEN, ARNOLD, IHNE, MERIVALE, CURTIUS, THIRLWALL.

PLUTARCH'S *Lives*, revised and edited by W. A. Clough.

HEEREN'S *Manual of Ancient History*.

MILMAN'S *History of Christianity*, and *History of Latin Christianity*.

GUIZOT'S *History of Civilisation in Europe*.

GIBBON: *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

[A work of immense research and splendid execution, embracing almost all the civilised world, and extending from the time of Trajan to the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II., in 1453. It connects the events of ancient with those of modern history. A shorter work on the same subject is Sismondi's *History of the Fall of the Roman Empire* (Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia).]

DR. HUNTER'S *Brief History of the Indian People* (Races, Religions, Government, &c).

Sir WILLIAM MUIR: *Mahomet and Islam; the Prophet's Life and a Brief Account of his Religion*.

BOSWORTH SMITH'S *Mohammed and Mohammedanism*.

HALLAM: *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*.

CARLYLE: *Life of Frederick the Great*.

Miss BLIND'S *Memoir of Madame Roland*, in the *Eminent Women Series*.

RUSSELL: *History of Modern Europe and the Progress of Society, from the Fifth to the Eighteenth Century*.

SCHLOSSER: *History of the Eighteenth Century*.

ROTTECK: *General History of the World from the earliest times to 1840*.

WHITE: *The Eighteen Christian Centuries*.

DAWES: *Landmarks of General History in the Christian Era*.

SCOTT'S *Tales of a Grandfather*; and J. HILL BURTON'S *History of Scotland* for full details.

Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY: *A Bird's-eye View of Irish History*.

C. G. WALPOLE: *A Short History of the Kingdom of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Union with Great Britain*.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ECONOMY AND POLITICS.

Mrs. C. BRAY: *Elements of Morality, for Home and Class Teaching*.

JEVONS: *Primer of Political Economy; The State in Relation to Labour*.

FAWCETT: *Political Economy for Beginners*.

SHADWELL: *Political Economy for the People*.

CHORLEY : A Handy Book of Social Intercourse.

MARSHALL : The Economics of Industry.

LEONE LEVI : Work and Wages ; Two Lectures to Working Men.

BASTIAT : Essays on Political Economy.

[There is a small volume of these translated into English.]

MAZZINI : The Duties of Man ; Thoughts on Democracy, &c., with Memoir.

ADAM SMITH : The Wealth of Nations. (McCulloch's Edition.)

MONGREDIEN : History of the Free Trade Movement.

WALKER : Money, Trade, and Industry.

HERBERT SPENCER : Social Statics ; Essays—Scientific, Political, and Speculative ; Education—Intellectual, Moral, and Physical ; and various other works.

J. S. MILL : Principles of Political Economy ; On Liberty ; Considerations on Representative Government ; Three Essays on Nature, Religion and Theism.

H. SIDGWICK : Political Economy.

SENIOR : Political Economy.

MISS MARTINEAU : Tales illustrative of Political Economy.

WILLIAM ELLIS : The Phenomena of Industrial Life and the Conditions of Industrial Success ; The Knowledge and Practice of Religion in Common Life.

[The latter book contains the substance of the Lessons given to the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Ellis, at the request of the Prince Consort, on Social Duties, Wealth, Property, Labour, Wages, Credit.]

MISS J. H. CLAPPERTON : Scientific Meliorism, or The Evolution of Happiness.

[A temperate and thoughtful attempt at plain speaking on some of the evils and difficulties of the present condition of society, with suggestions as to their possible amelioration. The work is characterised by sound thought and practical wisdom. The *Westminster Review* says :—"In the author we recognise an advanced thinker of a rare and high order."]

EDMUND BURKE : Select Works of Edmund Burke, edited, with Introduction and Notes, by E. J. Payne ; JOHN MORLEY'S Study of Burke.

T. B. MACAULAY : Speeches.

RICHARD COBDEN : Speeches ; JOHN MORLEY'S Life of Cobden.

JOHN BRIGHT : Speeches.

[Valuable for their matter and fine English style.]

Sir H. MAINE : On Popular Government.

HEALTH, AND THE LAWS OF PHYSIOLOGY; THE HOME;
HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

Dr. ANDREW COMBE: The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health and the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education.

[An eminent authority says of this work:—"It is a treatise which contains more sound philosophy, more true practical wisdom, relative to the all-important subject of preserving health, than any other volume in our language. The author speaks to the whole community. His book most admirably applies to persons of all conditions, and to every variety of situation. His style is incomparable for its clearness and simplicity."]

Dr. SOUTHWOOD SMITH: The Philosophy of Health.

Health Lectures for the People, delivered in Edinburgh and Manchester, 1875-1884.

Mrs. BURNETT: The Making of the Home.

Mrs. BUCKTON: Health in the House.

Miss MARTINEAU: Household Education.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BOSWELL: Life of Johnson.

HUME and GIBBON: Their Autobiographies.

HORACE WALPOLE's Letters.

FORSTER: Life of Goldsmith.

COWPER: Life and Letters. Edited by Southey.

WILLIAM HUTTON, of Birmingham: Autobiography.

[He has been called The English Franklin. His wonderful career is an incentive to industry, self-reliance, and strict integrity amid the trials of life.]

SOUTHEY: Life of Wesley.

LOCKHART: Life of Burns; Life of Scott.

TALFOURD: Life and Letters of Charles Lamb; and PROCTER'S (Barry Cornwall) Memoir of Lamb.

MACAULAY: Life and Letters, by Trevelyan.

FROUDE'S CARLYLE: Life and Letters of Thomas Carlyle; Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle; Early Letters; Correspondence with Goethe.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE: Letters and Memorials.

[The literary merit of these letters is very great. It would be difficult to find anything to match their delightful epistolary style, their bright humour and satire, their keen observation and vigour, both in narrative and description. They prove her devotion to her husband, her admiration of his genius, and her heroic patience and endurance under long-continued bodily suffering. The annotations he has appended to these letters show his appreciation of her true devotion to him, and his high estimate of her brilliant intellectual

endowments. His words are a glowing tribute, as it were over her grave, to her goodness and graces of character, uttered in a tone of remorseful self-accusation, as if he had, when too late, awaked to the truth that he had often failed in loving consideration for her whilst she was with him. Never was the light of day poured in more unreservedly upon every corner and recess of a great man's private life and surroundings than in these letters. This remarkable and gifted woman would probably have achieved a conspicuous position in literature had she not been overshadowed by her husband's towering personality.]

LEIGH HUNT: *Autobiography*.

[Placed by Carlyle next to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. "I do not know where we have such a picture of a human life as in this book—a pious, ingenuous, altogether human and worthy book."]

Miss MARTINEAU: *Her Autobiography*.

J. S. MILL: *His Autobiography*.

CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Life and Letters*

MOORE: *Life and Letters of Lord Byron*.

E. DOWDEN: *Life of Shelley*.

JOHN MORLEY: *Lives of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, and the Encyclopædists*.

S. SMILES: *Industrial Biography; Life of Stephenson; Lives of Boulton and Watt; Lives of the Engineers; Life of T. Edward, a Naturalist in Humble Life; Life of Robert Dick, Baker, Geologist, and Botanist*.

Life of Nasmyth, the Engineer.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM: *Lives of The Painters*.

The BROTHERS CHAMBERS: *Memoirs of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers*.

[Valuable for its lessons of brave self-dependence and the patient surmounting of difficulties in early life.]

Select *Lives of Statesmen (English and Foreign)*, eminent Lawyers, Men of Letters and of Science, Inventors, Artists, in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia: *Lives of Burleigh, Cranmer, Bacon, Luther and The Reformers, Richelieu, Strafford, Clarendon, Walpole, Lord Nugent's Hampden, Goldwin Smith's Three English Statesmen (Pym, Cromwell, Pitt,) The Pitts; in Philanthropy, Howard, Wilberforce, Romilly, Fry, Garrison; of our great Indian Administrators, Malleson's Clive, Goldsmid's Elphinston and Outram, Herbert Edwardes's and Merivale's Sir H. Lawrence, B. Smith's Lord Lawrence; in Art and Music, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn.*

Miss MARTINEAU's Biographical Sketches, 1852-1875.

[Short Biographies of Eminent Persons—Historical, Literary, Professional, Scientific, and Social—who died between 1852 and 1875.]

CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY.

English Men of Letters, edited by John Morley.

[This series contains nearly forty Biographies of eminent Men of Letters, with critical remarks on their works, by some of the ablest writers of the day. It already includes Memoirs of Johnson, Scott, Gibbon, Shelley, Hume, Goldsmith, Defoe, Burns, Spenser, Thackeray, Burke, Bunyan, Southey, Milton, Macaulay, Sterne, Swift, Gray, Dickens, Bentley, Lamb, De Quincey, Landor, Byron, Dryden, Wordsworth, Locke, Pope, Cowper, Chaucer, Sheridan, Fielding, Hawthorne (American).]

LESLIE STEPHEN: Hours in a Library.

[Contains biographical and critical papers on Massinger, Fielding, Cowper, and Rousseau, the first Edinburgh Reviewers, Wordsworth, Landor, Macaulay, Charlotte Brontë, Kingsley, Sir Thomas Browne, Jonathan Edwards, William Law, Dr. Johnson, William Hazlitt, Defoe, Pope, Scott, Hawthorne, Balzac, De Quincey, and others.]

LEWES: Biographical History of Philosophy.

ESSAYISTS.

Sir THOMAS MORE's Utopia.

T. FULLER: Select Passages from his Works.

LORD BACON's Essays.

Sir THOMAS BROWNE: Religio Medici; Urn Burial.

MILTON: Areopagitica, a Defence of Free Printing; a small volume of Selections from Milton's Prose Works, entitled The Poetry of Milton's Prose.

BASIL MONTAGU: Selections from Bacon, Latimer, Hooker, Fuller, Taylor, Milton, &c.

ABRAHAM COWLEY: Essays.

LOCKE: On Toleration; on the Conduct of the Understanding.

ADDISON: Select Essays from the *Spectator*.

STEELE: Select Essays from the *Tatler*.

JOHNSON: Select Essays from the *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, *Idler*.

MACAULAY: Essays; Historical and Critical.

CHARLES LAMB: Essays of Elia; The Genius of Hogarth; On Shakespeare's Tragedies; Notes on the Old Dramatists.

[Lamb's works have been edited with loving care by the Rev. Alfred Ainger, who has also written an admirable memoir of him in the English Men of Letters series. Mr. Ainger is engaged in an annotated edition and

re-arrangement of Lamb's Letters—a long-existing desideratum in our literature. Lamb takes rank as one of our classics with Addison, to whom he is superior in pathos, and a certain inimitable and indescribably quaint humour, free from all sting or bitterness. One feels a deeper personal regard for Lamb than for almost any other English author. A morally strong, but physically weak and sensitive being, his whole existence was a continued act of love and self-sacrifice, under the most painful domestic circumstances. A memoir of his sister and life-long companion was written for the *Eminent Women* series by Mrs. Gilchrist, remarkable for its sympathy and literary skill.]

WILLIAM HAZLITT: *The Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*; *The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*; *The English Poets*; *The Comic Writers*; *The Round Table*; *Table Talk*; *The Plain Speaker*; *Winterslow Essays*; *The Spirit of the Age*; *Essays on Art*; *The Picture Galleries of England*; *Political Essays and Sketches of Public Characters*; *The English Stage*; *The Life of Napoleon* (one-sided, but brilliant; to counteract the effects of this work, read Lanfrey's *Napoleon*).

[This brilliant writer is too little known to the present generation of readers. As an essayist and critic he stands very high for vigour and truthfulness. His style is clear, flowing, and picturesque, occasionally glowing with a fine warmth and richness of colouring, and often reaching a high degree of eloquence. His criticisms as a rule are just and discriminating. The reader will find in his works a store of instruction, delight, and invigoration, with a power of inspiring enthusiasm for genius and of stimulating intellectual sympathy. Some of his swift strokes and flashes reveal more to us than whole pages of an ordinary writer. Talfourd said of him that he had a fervent love of the beautiful, and as unquenchable a desire for truth as others had for power, or wealth, or fame. "As a critical essayist," says Miss Martineau, "he had no rivals." The late Lord Lytton wrote an admirable estimate of him as an essayist and critic, concluding his remarks in these words:—"He had nothing of the demagogue or *litterateur*. He did not pander to a single vulgar passion. When he died he left no successor. To the next age he will stand among the foremost of the *thinkers* of the present. He was ever true to the best interests of humanity."]

LEIGH HUNT: *Imagination and Fancy*; *Wit and Humour*; *Select Essays from The Indicator and The Companion*; *Men, Women, and Books*; *Autobiography*; *The Religion of the Heart*; *A Book for a Corner*; *Stories from the Italian Poets*; *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*; *London Journal*; *Poems*.

[Leigh Hunt's Essays and critical writings are conspicuous for their delicate and subtle perception of the beautiful in life, nature, and literature; for their tendency to sweeten and adorn daily existence, to encourage cheerfulness, charitableness, and honest endeavour, and to teach the love of simple pleasures. The excellent sense and sanity of his mind, his catholic tastes

and wide range of sympathies and culture, and that goodness of heart which is an essential requisite of a good critic, constitute him one of the most genial and discriminating of literary guides. He has left a good and pleasant memory behind him. He was a true lover of letters and of mankind. Books were to him a real world, exhaustless and delightful. He teaches us to draw pleasure from the common things around us ; to neutralise the disagreeable, and to make the best of what is in our power. His books will long be numbered among the gayest and gracefulest contributions to the Belles-Lettres of England. Mr. Lowell, speaking of Leigh Hunt, says : "He was one of the purest-minded men that ever lived, and a critic whose subtlety of discrimination, and whose soundness of judgment, supported, as it was, on a broad basis of truly liberal scholarship, have hardly yet met with fitting appreciation." His poetry is characterised by a delicate and vivid fancy, and a sparkling grace and movement, quite peculiar to himself.]

ARTHUR HELPS : Essays written in the Intervals of Business ; Friends in Council ; Companions of my Solitude.

A. W. and J. C. HARE : Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY : Select Essays, Literary, Historical, Critical ; Confessions of an English Opium Eater.

[Professor Masson's able Monograph on De Quincey should be read ; also, his Life and Writings by H. A. Page.]

JOHN WILSON : Recreations of Christopher North ; Essays, Critical and Imaginative ; Noctes Ambrosianæ.

[Wilson was a large-hearted, imaginative writer, with overflowing animal spirits—an ardent lover of nature and of out-door life and sports. For Carlyle's estimate of Wilson, see Froude's "Life of Carlyle," vol. iv., p. 156. Also, "A Paper on Wilson and his Writings," by G. Saintsbury, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July, 1886.]

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR : Some of his Imaginary Conversations.

[In these Conversations pass "successions of statesmen, lawyers, and Churchmen ; wits and men of letters ; party men, soldiers and kings ; the most tender, delicate, and noble women ; figures fresh from the schools of Athens and the courts of Rome ; philosophers philosophising ; and politicians discussing questions of State ; poets talking of poetry ; men of the world of matters worldly ; and English, Italian, and French of their respective literatures and manners. The requisites for such a work no other existing writer possessed in the same degree."]

A. K. H. B. : Recreations of a Country Parson.

W. R. GREG : The Enigmas of Life.

J. A. FROUDE : Short Studies on Great Subjects—Literary, Classical, Political, and Historical.

R. H. HUTTON : Literary Essays.

JAMES MARTINEAU : Philosophical Essays ; Hours of Thought.

MATTHEW ARNOLD : Culture and Anarchy ; Essays in Criticism ; Literature and Dogma ; God and the Bible ; Mixed Essays ; St. Paul and Protestantism ; Chief Lives in Johnson's Lives of the Poets ; Essay on Emerson ; Literature and Science.

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS : By Broad Church clergymen—Temple, Jowett, Powell, &c.

THOMAS CARLYLE : Sartor Resartus (not to be read first) ; Miscellaneous Essays—Burns, Johnson, Scott, Voltaire, Diderot, Mirabeau, Goethe, Richter, Novalis, Heyne, &c. ; on History and Biography ; Characteristics ; Past and Present ; Life of John Sterling ; Hero-Worship ; Reminiscences.

JOHN RUSKIN : Sesame and Lilies (of King's Treasuries ; of Queen's Gardens) ; Selections from Modern Painters, the Stones of Venice : Seven Lamps of Architecture ; Ethics of the Dust ; Queen of the Air ; Fors Clavigera ; Præterita. Life and Teaching of Ruskin, by J. M. Matthew.

MAX-MÜLLER : Chips from a German Workshop, being Essays on Oriental and other Religions, Mythologies, Traditions, Philology, &c.

FREDERIC HARRISON : The Choice of Books, and other Literary Papers.

[Full of ripe thought, vigorously expressed. Mr. John Morley says : "You will find in it as much wise thought, eloquently and brilliantly put, as in any volume of its size."]

HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

Professor SPALDING : History of English Literature and of the Origin and Growth of the English Language, for the use of Schools and of Private Students.

STOPFORD BROOKE : Short Manual of English Literature.

G. L. CRAIK : History of English Literature and the English Language.

H. MORLEY : English Literature in the Reign of Victoria.

H. HALLAM : History of the Literature of Europe in the 15th to 17th Centuries.

SISMONDI : History of the Literature of the South of Europe.

J. A. SYMONDS : The Renaissance in Italy.

Mrs. OLIPHANT : The Literary History of England, 1780 to 1825, contains several estimates of recent English writers of the highest excellence.

CHAMBERS' *Cyclopædia of English Literature, Critical and Biographical*, with specimens of each author.

[A comprehensive and carefully edited work, really a library in itself.]

A FEW SPECIAL BOOKS.

IZAAB WALTON : *The Complete Angler*. Lives of *DONNE, WOTTON, HOOKER, &c.*

[Charles Lamb says : "The Complete Angler breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity and simplicity of heart ; there are many choice old verses interspersed in it ; it would Christianise every discordant angry passion."

Hallam says : "Its simplicity, its sweetness, its natural grace, happy intermixture of graver strains with the precepts of angling, have rendered this book deservedly popular." Another critic says : "It will be recognised by every student of English literature as one of the most precious gems in the language."]

R. BURTON : *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.

[Well worth dipping into occasionally. A storehouse of learning, interspersed with quaint observations and witty illustrations, from which many modern writers have drawn amply, without acknowledgment, particularly Sterne. No other English author has so largely dealt in apt quotation. His book was a special favourite of Charles Lamb. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes includes Burton among a certain class of writers whom he quaintly calls "Pillow-smoothing authors." When he first became acquainted with it, he used it for a mental nightcap, and read in it for the last quarter or half-hour before going to bed, until he finished it, which took him a year or more. Lord Byron declares Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*" to be the most amusing and instructive medley of quotations and classical anecdotes he ever perused.]

GILBERT WHITE : *Natural History of Selborne*.

[A book for those who love the country and delight to observe the successive phenomena of the seasons, the habits of birds, insects, &c. Carlyle says : "He has copied a little sentence or two faithfully from the inspired volume of nature, and so the volume is itself not without inspiration."]

W. COBBETT : *English Grammar. Advice to Young Men. Rural Rides*.

[Hazlitt says of him : "He was not only unquestionably the most powerful political writer of his day, but one of the best writers in the language. He speaks and thinks plain, broad, downright English. He might be said to have the clearness of Swift, the naturalness of Defoe, and the picturesque satirical description of Mandeville. His style is that of a man who has an absolute intuition of what he is talking about and never thinks of anything else. He is one of those writers who can never tire us ; not even of himself ; and the reason is, he is always full of matter."]

S. T. COLERIDGE: *The Friend*, a Series of Essays to aid in the Formation of Fixed Principles in Politics, Morals, and Religion, with Literary Amusements interspersed.

LESLIE STEPHEN: *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*.

J. J. TAYLER: *A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England*.

BROOKE HERFORD: *The Story of Religion in England*.

SAMUEL BAILEY (of Sheffield): *Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions; On the Pursuit of Truth and the Duties connected with it; The Progress of Knowledge; The Fundamental Principles of Evidence; and several other works.*

[This writer, too little known, is remarkable for his lucidity, argumentative force, and purity of style. An eminent writer said of the first work named, that he placed it next to Adam Smith's "*Wealth of Nations*," as a book of philosophical argument. The reading of it has been an epoch in the mental history of more than one independent thinker.]

W. E. H. LECKY: *The Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe; The History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne.*

CRAIK: *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties; also Female Examples.*

KINGLAKE: *Eothen (Accounts of Eastern Travel)*.

MISS MITFORD: *Our Village (English Village Life)*.

[These sketches are always new and fresh and delightful. We go to them as we go to Addison's *De Coverley* papers in the *Spectator*. They are full of a beautiful benevolence and the truest taste, and display vigorous conception of character. Nowhere have we such truthful pictures of English village life and manners.]

T. MILLER: *Various books on the Country and Country Life.*

W. HOWITT: *The Rural Life of England; The Homes and Haunts of British Poets.*

R. JEFFERIES: *Several volumes of truthful and vivid descriptions of rural life.*

G. MILNER: *Country Pleasures.*

H. A. BRIGHT: *A Year in a Lancashire Garden.*

SMILES: *Self-Help, Thrift, Character, Will.*

[Books very helpful to young men entering upon life.]

HAMERTON: *The Intellectual Life; Human Intercourse.*

WILLIAM HONE: *The Every Day Book; The Year Book; The Table Book; Popular Antiquities, Sports, Pastimes, Manners, Customs; History of The Year, The Months, and The Seasons, for daily use and diversion.*

ROBERT CHAMBERS: *The Book of Days: A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in connection with the Calendar, including Anecdotes, Biography and History, Curiosities of Literature, and Oddities of Human Life and Character.*

[These and Hone's volumes will afford endless instruction and entertainment. They should be read at odd half-hours.]

Dean RAMSAY: *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.*

[Cannot be too highly recommended. A genial humorist whose unique and delightful collection of anecdotes illustrative of Scottish character reached 22 editions in the 15 years between its first appearance and its author's death.]

EDWIN WAUGH.

[A genuine and original poet and humorist. His best productions are written in the Lancashire dialect.]

VOYAGES, TRAVELS, AND GEOGRAPHICAL EXPLORATIONS.

To give a list of interesting books of this numerous class would take up too much space. Individual tastes must decide the selection. Under the title "*Compendium of Geography and Travel for General Reading*," Mr. Stanford has issued a series of valuable volumes descriptive of the great divisions of the globe. The volumes issued are—Europe; Asia; Africa; North America and British America; Central America, The West Indies and South America; Australasia. They are full of the best information regarding physical and political geography. The illustrative maps and diagrams are most helpful.

[Those who take an interest in early voyages will find a storehouse of such reading in Richard Hakluyt's compilations, which are full of invaluable details of the early navigators. Mr. Froude calls them the prose epic of the modern English nation. Their plain, simple, quaint narrations rival legend in interest and grandeur.]

SCIENCE.

Scientific text-books and handbooks are easily procurable. I will not attempt to name the best books in the various departments of science, as my knowledge of science is confined to its barest elementary principles. A few works only are named of a general character, which chiefly present the results and conclusions of science as they bear upon human thought and the welfare of mankind.

Professor HUXLEY: Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews; Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature; Physiography, an Introduction to the Study of Nature; Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature, six Lectures to Working Men.

M. FARADAY on the Forces of Nature and their Relation to Each Other; Life and Letters, by Dr. Bence Jones.

C. DARWIN: The Descent of Man; The Origin of Species; Voyage of the Beagle.

Sir CHARLES LYELL: The Antiquity of Man.

CARPENTER's Mental Physiology.

ST. G. MIVART: Lessons from Nature, as manifested in Mind and Matter.

Sir JOHN HERSCHEL: Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy; Discourses, Addresses, and Reviews.

S. LAING: Modern Science and Modern Thought.

GEORGE COMBE: The Constitution of Man Considered in Relation to External Objects; The Relation between Science and Religion; What Should Secular Education Embrace?

[The first is a work of great originality, and a contribution of high value to the philosophy of man. Dr. Channing says:—"I have been instructed by your views of the laws of our nature, and of the connection between our obedience to them and our happiness. I was particularly gratified by the earnestness with which you insist on the supremacy of the moral faculties, and point out the inevitable miseries which society is to endure until this fundamental principle be recognised by the individual and the community." "This work vindicates the ways of God to man better than any polemical treatise I ever read."—Horace Mann, First Secretary to the Massachusetts Board of Education.]

Dr. SOUTHWOOD SMITH: On the Divine Government.

Dr. R. CHAMBERS: Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.

[Darwin speaks of "its brilliant and powerful style," and in its later editions "doing excellent service, in calling attention to the subject, in removing prejudices, and in preparing the ground for the reception of analogous views."]

The Duke of ARGYLL: The Reign of Law, and Unity of Nature.

THE CLASSICS.

I agree with Mr. Harrison, of the London Library, that for the ordinary reader the series of volumes—Ancient Classics for English Readers, edited by the Rev. Mr. Collins, are sufficient

to convey the form and substance of ancient thought. If any reader desires to go further, he can procure translations of such of the Greek and Latin poets, dramatists, philosophers, and historians as he may wish to study. The Rev. A. J. Church has written three volumes—*Stories from Homer*; *Stories from Virgil*; *Stories from the Greek tragedians*, with the view of representing these writers to old and young who do not know them in the original. The merits of various translations of Homer and the Greek dramatists—of Virgil, Lucretius, &c., are discussed in F. Harrison's "Choice of Books and other Literary Papers." Among other books on the classics may be named Symonds' *Studies of the Greek Poets*; Mr. Myers' *Classic Essays—on the Greek Oracles—Virgil, and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*. The *Meditations and Maxims of Epictetus* and *Marcus Aurelius* deserve careful reading, embodying, as they do, the highest moral teaching of antiquity.

Archdeacon FARRAR: *Seekers after God*, viz., *Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius*.

[The author says:—"They deserve to be called 'Seekers after God,' for they were men who, amidst infinite difficulties, and surrounded by a corrupt society, devoted themselves to the earnest search after those truths which might best make their lives 'beautiful before God.' Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius are not only the most clear-sighted moralists among ancient philosophers, but are also, with the single exception of Socrates, the best and holiest characters presented to us in the records of antiquity."]

THE FINE ARTS.

I do not give any list of books concerning the Fine Arts, viz., Painting, Sculpture, and Music. The reader who wishes to study this department of literature will find little difficulty in ascertaining the best books on the Sister Arts.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The best Selection from the English Poets is that edited by Mr. T. H. Ward, in four volumes (Macmillans).

[It consists of selections, with critical introductions by various writers of eminence, and a general introduction by Mr. Matthew Arnold. It begins with Chaucer and ends with Rossetti, and includes specimens of about 170 poets. Some of the poets selected from should, however, be read in full—

for instance, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, Cowper, Thomson (*The Seasons*), and Burns, Pope's *Essay on Man*, with Introduction and Notes by Mark Pattison should be read. The modern poets should be largely read and studied—Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Bailey's "*Festus*," Sir Henry Taylor, Coventry Patmore, Morris, Arnold, Rossetti, and Swinburne. For those who have not time to read much, Archbishop Trench's *Household Book of English Poetry*; *The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, by Palgrave; *Nightingale Valley, or Choice Lyrics*, by W. Allingham; *Living Voices*; Mackay's *Gems of English Poetry*.]

The Religious Poetry of England.

[George Macdonald, in his volume entitled "*England's Antiphon*," traces the course of our religious poetry from an early period of our literary history down to recent times. Beginning with the Sacred Lyrics of the 13th century he gives, in successive chapters, characteristic examples of the various religious poets, with comments.]

A *Treasury of English Sonnets*, with Notes by D. M. Main; also Dennis's and Waddington's *English Sonnets*, and Hall Caine's *Selection*.

A *Selection of English and Scottish Ballads and Songs*.

[One of the best is Allingham's *Ballad Book*, or the *Choicest British Ballads*. Two good selections are Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland*, and R. Chambers's *Scottish Ballads and Songs*.]

Shakespeare's Plays and Poems. Shakespeare: a *Critical Study of his Mind and Art*; also his *Sonnets*, with Introduction and Notes, by Professor Edward Dowden. E. Cowden Clarke: *The Subordinate Characters of Shakespeare*. Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, and *Essay on Shakespeare's Tragedies*. Gervinus: *Shakespeare Commentaries*—a work of high critical ability. Coleridge: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare and the Old Poets and Dramatists*. Hazlitt: *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*—a work of brilliant criticism and subtle analysis. *Dramatists before, contemporary with, and subsequent to Shakespeare*.

[Charles Lamb's *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare* is an admirable book in this department of our literature. Messrs. Nimmo have published a volume containing twenty-one plays written by twelve of these dramatists, which will give the reader an adequate taste of the quality of our older dramatic poets. The dramatists selected from are Lilly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Marston, Massinger, Ford, Heywood, Shirley; also. *English Plays from the Earliest Period to 1878*, edited and arranged by Henry Morley (Cassell). Professor Ward, of the Owens College, has written

an elaborate work on the English Drama. The dramatists of the Restoration cannot be recommended to the general reader. Only a very few plays of the last and present century are worth reading. Goldsmith's and Sheridan's Plays should be read.

PROSE WORKS OF FICTION.

- DEFOE: Robinson Crusoe; History of the Plague.
 SWIFT: Gulliver's Travels; Tale of a Tub.
 GOLDSMITH: The Vicar of Wakefield; and Essays.
 FIELDING: Tom Jones; Joseph Andrews; Amelia.
 SMOLLETT: Roderick Random; Peregrine Pickle; The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker, which Thackeray considered the best imaginative work in English literature.
 RICHARDSON: Clarissa Harlowe; Pamela; Sir Charles Grandison.
 STERNE: Tristram Shandy; The Sentimental Journey.
 [Although ranked as English Classics, the above four novelists can hardly be recommended for general reading. With all their merits and power of character-painting, their pages are too often sullied by incidents and descriptions offensive to modern habits of thought and feeling. Fielding and Smollett are the greatest offenders in this respect.]
 MISS AUSTEN: All her Novels.
 [Greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott and Macaulay.]
 MISS EDGEWORTH: A selection of her Novels: Castle Rackrent, Patronage, Ormond, Helen.
 WALTER SCOTT: All his Novels (except a few of the last).
 BULWER: A selection of his Novels: The Caxtons, My Novel, Rienzi, The Last Days of Pompeii, Eugene Aram.
 DICKENS: A selection of his Novels.
 THACKERAY: His Novels; Roundabout Papers.
 GEORGE ELIOT: All her Novels; Memoirs by Miss M. Blind and Mr. Cross.
 CHARLOTTE BRONTË: All her Novels; Memoirs by Mrs. Gaskell and Mr. T. W. Reid. EMILY BRONTË: Wuthering Heights.
 MRS. GASKELL: A Selection of her Novels.
 MRS. LYNN LINTON: Patricia Kemball, The Rebel of the Family, Under which Lord? The True History of Joshua Davidson.
 MISS THACKERAY: A selection of her Novels.
 MRS. OLIPHANT: A selection of her Novels.
 MRS. CRAIK (Dinah Muloch): Life of John Halifax, Gentleman; A Noble Life, and other Novels.

CHARLES KINGSLEY's Novels: Alton Locke, Hypatia, Two Years Ago, Westward Ho.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE: A selection of his novels.

CHARLES READE: A selection of his Novels.

GEORGE MEREDITH: A selection of his Novels.

GEO. MACDONALD: David Elginbrod, Alec. Forbes, Robert Falconer. Some of MARRYAT's and LEVER's Novels.

Stories of Irish Life, by BANIM, CARLETON, and GRIFFIN.

Recent Novelists of mark—WILKIE COLLINS, W. BLACK, J. PAYN, JUSTIN MCCARTHY, W. BESANT, J. RICE, LAURENCE OLIPHANT, F. D. BLACKMORE, THOS. HARDY, J. R. HAGGARD, L. CARROL, Miss BETHAM EDWARDS, Miss YONGE, Miss AMELIA B. EDWARDS, Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Mrs. BURNETT HODGSON, Miss R. BROUGHTON, Miss SEWELL, Miss JESSIE FOTHERGILL. Some of Miss BRADDON's later Novels deserve perusal.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: Stories; Essays.

[A decidedly original writer of fiction, and a fine essayist. His style is exceptionally good.]

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A Concise History of the United States and their Constitution.

BANCROFT AND HILDRETH for full histories.

[There are standard Biographies of all the noted American statesmen—Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Lincoln.]

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: Life and Works.

F. PARKMANN, Jun.: Wars by the North American tribes against the English Colonies; Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life.

W. H. PRESCOTT: Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; Life and Reign of Philip the Second of Spain: Life and Reign of Charles V.; Conquest of Mexico and Peru; Biographical and Historical Miscellanies; also Life of Prescott.

J. L. MOTLEY: The Rise of the Dutch Republic; History of the United Netherlands and the Struggle with Spain; Life of John of Barneveld.

WASHINGTON IRVING: Knickerbocker's History of New York; a production of genuine and original humour. The Sketch Book; highly finished sketches of life and character, once immensely

popular in England and America. Bracebridge Hall ; Pictures of an old English Hall and fine country gentleman of the old school, with descriptions of Christmas and other customs and sports ; full of gentle humour. Tales by a Traveller ; Life and Voyages of Columbus ; The Conquest of Granada ; The Alhambra ; Life of Washington, and numerous other works. Life and Letters of Washington Irving.

GEO. TICKNOR : History of Spanish Literature ; also, Life and Letters.

Dr. FRANCIS LIEBER : Manual of Political Ethics ; and Civil Liberty and Self-Government.

Dr. J. W. DRAPER : The Intellectual Development of Europe ; The Conflict of Science and Religion.

[The works of the above two American writers are well worthy of careful perusal.]

C. BROCKDEN BROWN.

[The earliest American novelist. He had a powerful but morbid imagination. His chief novels are Wieland, Carwin, and Edgar Huntly.]

J. F. COOPER.

[A deservedly popular and national novelist, whose stories number between 30 and 40. The Spy, The Prairie, The Pilot, The Last of the Mohicans, and the Pioneers, are among the best. They are eminently healthy, vivid, and stirring tales, full of adventure.]

SYLVESTER JUDD : Margaret, a Tale of the Real and the Ideal.

[Contains fresh pictures of early New England religious life and homely customs. The story is the development of a beautiful and refined female nature, amidst the rudest and most boorish surroundings. It is pervaded by moral earnestness and fidelity to local traits.]

EDGAR A. POE : Tales of Mystery, Imagination, and Humour.

[Poe was a writer of exceptional genius, the tendency of which was towards the mysterious, the wonderful, the supernatural, and the horrible. His stories are worked up with great skill and intensity of conception. His life—a very sad and unfortunate one—has been sympathetically told by Mr. T. H. Ingram. Poe's poem, "The Raven," has had a world-wide fame.]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE : All his Novels, and his charming volume on England—Our Old Home.

[An author of high genius and power, whose style is not surpassed by that of any other modern English writer. He takes rank above all other American novelists. His son has written his life, giving a number of his letters and extracts from his note-books ; it is understood that Mr. Lowell is engaged on a memoir of this remarkable writer.]

Recent American Writers of Fiction. Some of the novels of HENRY JAMES, JUN., H. D. HOWELLS, THEODORE WINTHROP, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, CABLE (*Negro Life*), MISS SEDGWICK, LOUISA ALCOTT, MISS WHITNEY, and MISS WETHERALL will repay perusal. The works of BRET HARTE, MARK TWAIN, and ARTEMUS WARD abound in illustrations of that indefinable kind of humour called "American." *Two Years Before the Mast*, by the younger DANA, is a capital book, and Mrs. BEECHER STOWE's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* should be read by everybody—being world-famous in connection with the abolition of slavery in the United States. It appeared at a critical period of American history, and gave voice to the sufferings of the negro race. Her "*Minister's Wooing*," a story of New England Life, is well worth perusal for its fine character-painting.

American Poets. The chief American Poets are BRYANT, POE, LONGFELLOW, EMERSON, WHITTIER, and LOWELL. A few of WALT WHITMAN's Poems show imaginative power, but they are deficient in poetic form.

Dr. CHANNING's *Essays on National Literature, on Association, Self-Culture, the Elevation of the Labouring Classes, Milton, Fenelon, and Napoleon*, are all valuable for their high moral tone and classical style.

A. H. EVERETT: *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*.

[A writer of much versatility of talent and wide range of erudition. His essays embrace politics, political economy, *belles-lettres*, poetry, æsthetics, &c.]

E. P. WHIPPLE, H. T. TUCKERMAN, HENRY GILES, GEORGE RIPLEY, G. W. CURTIS, J. T. FIELDS, E. C. STEDMAN.

[Essayists and critics of ability. Their estimates of English writers are distinguished by just and discriminating appreciation, and in many cases by fervid admiration.]

Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR has written several interesting volumes of *European Travel*, and a Poetical Translation of "*Faust*."

THEODORE PARKER.

[An eloquent writer on social and religious topics; he had the widest human sympathies, and was a profound scholar.]

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: *Nature*; *Essays*; *Literary Addresses*; *Representative Men*; *Conduct of Life*; *Society and Solitude*; *Letters and Social Aims*; *English Traits*.

[Emerson has been one of the highest ethical forces of his time; he has exercised upon some of the most thoughtful minds of the world an influence probably not exceeded by that of any writer of the last two generations. The lessons he teaches are sincerity, simplicity, hopefulness, and self-dependence; and, above all, fidelity to the divine law written upon the conscience as the only safe law of life for any man. For perfect transparency and serene elevation his life stands conspicuous. It corresponded with the ideas we form of him from his writings. What he taught others to be, he was himself. "He greeted every comer with an exquisite graciousness of manner, as if he expected to hear from him a wiser word than had yet been spoken." "His rare genius," says Dr. O. W. Holmes, "acted as a trumpet call to many minds to awaken them to the meaning of the privilege of this earthly existence, with all its promises." Matthew Arnold thinks his essays the most important work done in prose in this century. "Some of his lofty sentences I never have lost out of my memory; I never can lose them."

The Emerson-Carlyle Correspondence: Edited by Professor C. E. Norton.

[Of unique and special interest, being the record of a beautiful friendship between two of the most notable men of genius of our time, who, although differing from each other entirely in their views of the great problems of life, yet retained for each other a mutual regard of the warmest kind. Their unflinching sincerity and frankness of speech give this correspondence a great interest and charm.]

Dr. O. W. HOLMES: The Autocrat, The Professor, and The Poet at the Breakfast Table; Novels.

[Three volumes of genial humour, playful satire, refined and delicate criticism, philosophical thought, pathos, and whimsicality. *Elsie Venner*, *The Guardian Angel*, and *A Mortal Antipathy*, are novels of remarkable power and depth of insight, particularly the first. His *Memoir of Emerson* gives an interesting and faithful account of the man and his works.]

J. R. LOWELL: Prose Essays and Reviews; My Study Windows; Among My Books; Conversations on Some of the Old Poets; A Fable for Critics; Addresses and Speeches.

[Mr. Lowell is undoubtedly the foremost living representative of American culture and scholarship. He has a keen, incisive, critical faculty. Some of his addresses and criticisms are of the highest excellence—for example, his address at Birmingham, on Democracy; his *eloges* on our great novelist, Henry Fielding, on Coleridge and on Wordsworth; and his recent speech on Books and Reading at the inauguration of a free library building at Chelsea, U.S. His *Biglow Papers* is the most genuine example of American humour that has yet been produced.]

HENRY D. THOREAU: Eight or nine volumes of Excursions,

Sketches, Essays, Letters, one of them containing a Memoir by Emerson, who knew him intimately.

[He was an eccentric naturalist, scholar, and poet. His life and works afford an interesting study. He never married, lived alone, had very few friends, never went to church, never voted, refused to pay taxes, ate no flesh, drank no wine, and used no tobacco, lived in a hut in the woods constructed by his own hands, was a naturalist of the keenest observation, but never used trap or gun. He chose to be rich by making his wants few and supplying them himself. His works contain many fine thoughts and vivid descriptions of nature. Mr. Page has published a book called *Thoreau, his Life and Aims*, which is worth reading.]

MARGARET FULLER D'OSSOLI : *Life and Works*, in six volumes.

[A Memoir of this remarkable woman was written jointly by Emerson, W. H. Channing, and J. Freeman Clarke. She was a classical scholar, a student of art, and knew the European languages. Her powers of conversation were extraordinary, and she exercised a singularly fascinating influence upon all those she came in contact with. "The day was never long enough," says Emerson, "to exhaust her opulent memory." Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has contributed an interesting memoir of her to the *Eminent Women Series*. Her life ended prematurely and tragically. She was wrecked close on the shore of her native State, and perished with her husband and child.]

Those wishing to obtain a full account of American Literature should read Professor Nichol's comprehensive *Historical Survey* of this subject from 1620 to 1880. Professor Coit Tyler, of Michigan, is compiling an elaborate *History of the Literature of America*, of which two volumes have already appeared

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

Tales from the Norse, by Dasent.

MONTAIGNE : Those who can enjoy the unrestrained, racy, egotistic gossip about men, manners, and opinions, of a scholarly Gascon gentleman, should read and re-read Montaigne's *Essays*, written 300 years ago. They were translated into English by John Florio in 1603, and in 1685 by Charles Cotton, whose style is pithy and vigorous.

[Montaigne knew all the classic authors in their own languages. Throughout his *Essays* are scattered some of the best sayings of the ancient philosophers. Dean Church, in "*Oxford Essays*," gives an admirable estimate of Montaigne.]

CERVANTES : Don Quixote.

[Of Cervantes' immortal work Mr. Lowell says, "That it is incomparable for its originality both as a conception and a study of character ; it is one of the few books that can lay undisputed claim to the distinction of being universal and cosmopolitan ; equally at home in all languages and welcome to all kindreds and conditions of men ; a *human* book in the fullest sense of the word. I can think of no book so thoroughly good-natured and good-humoured."]

LE SAGE : Gil Blas.

Readers desirous of knowing something of the French leaders of thought in the last century should study Mr. John Morley's volumes on Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, and the Encyclopædists.

Mr. F. Harrison says : "Of all those who in England and in our day have studied and expounded the French Revolution, the most learned, as well as the most enlightened, guide is to be found in Mr. John Morley. Scattered through his various studies of Voltaire, of Rousseau, of Diderot of Turgot, of De Maistre, of Carlyle, and in particular his last life of Burke, we shall find the justest, as well as the most candid, conception of the Revolution as a whole. He is, perhaps, the only writer, either in this country or abroad, who is able to do justice to all sides, and to all the leaders in due measure." &c.]

THE CONFESSIONS OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

[This is a work of world-wide celebrity. It is the most remarkable example extant of morbid self-revelation. "Its pervading spirit," says an able critic, "is that of diseased self-consciousness. There are many passages in it that should never have been printed—passages of revolting cynicism, and disclosures of the most nauseous and loathsome character. Side by side with these are pages of exquisite grace and beauty, portraits and sketches executed as with a master's hand, which, for truthful colouring and animation, remind one of Goethe." It may be said to be sincerely written, but not with that wise sincerity that knows what to tell and what to withhold, but rather with a diseased loquacity that delights to relieve itself by unrestrained and indiscriminating confession.]

The greatest French novel of this century is VICTOR HUGO's *Les Misérables*, of which there is a good English translation.

[The dominant idea of the book is the restoration of human souls to order and righteousness by patience and love, and not by vindictive and harsh, inflexible justice. It is a book of great power and eloquence, but often spasmodic and exaggerated. It is characterised throughout by a noble and all-embracing sympathy with human wretchedness and suffering.]

Some of GEORGE SAND's novels are deeply interesting for their charming style and insight into life and character.

The present realistic school of French fiction cannot be recommended.

[Mr. H. Rider Haggard, author of "King Solomon's Mines," in a recent article in *The Contemporary Review*, on Fiction, thus characterises the modern French realistic school of fiction, represented by Zola and others. "Whatever there is brutal in humanity—and God knows that there is plenty—whatever there is that is carnal and filthy, is here brought into prominence, and thrust before the reader's eyes. But what becomes of the things that are pure and high—of the great aspirations and the lofty hopes and longings, which *do*, after all, play their part in our human economy, and which it is surely the duty of a writer to call attention to and describe according to his gifts?" Certainly, it is to be hoped that this naturalistic school of writing will never take firm root in England, for it is an accursed thing. It is impossible to help wondering if its followers ever reflect upon the mischief they must do, and reflecting, do not shrink from the responsibility."]

The novels of DUMAS the elder are brilliant, and full of striking situations. Several of them are of a historical character.

Some of the best novels of BALZAC, a writer of great power and minute knowledge of French life and manners, have been translated into English.

SAINTE BEUVE stands conspicuous as the most refined and accomplished of French critics.

Most of the masterpieces of French literature are procurable in translation by those who cannot read them in the original—RABELAIS, MOLIÈRE, MONTESQUIEU, PASCAL, VOLTAIRE, ROUSSEAU, LA BRUYÈRE, LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, LA FONTAINE, FÉNELON, BOSSUET, MASSILLON, DIDEROT, DE MAISTRE, D'ALEMBERT, CONDORCET, TURGOT, TAINE, DE TOCQUEVILLE, VICTOR HUGO, GEORGE SAND, BÉRANGER, ALFRED DE MUSSET, GUIZOT, QUINET, LAMARTINE, LOUIS BLANC, THIERRY, VICTOR COUSIN, MICHÉLET, THIERS, RENAN.

M. VON LAUN's History of French Literature (which is in English) may be consulted with advantage.

What has been said of the French writers may also be said of the German. The works of LUTHER, The NIEBELUNGENLIED, GOETHE, SCHILLER, RICHTER, TIECK, WIELAND, HOFFMANN, KOTZEBUE, LESSING, FICHTE, KANT, HEGEL, HERDER, NEANDER, RANKE, HEINE, SCHELLING, the BROTHERS SCHLEGEL, FOUQUÉ, AUERBACH, and a host of other philosophers and historians,

theologians and novelists are nearly all procurable in English translations. W. SCHERER'S popular "History of German Literature" has just been translated into English. MENZEL'S "The Literature of Germany" is an able work, and has been well translated.

Mrs. OLIPHANT'S Series of Foreign Classics for English Readers contains Biographies of VOLTAIRE, PASCAL, GOETHE, PETRARCH, CERVANTES, MONTAIGNE, and other European celebrities.

[There are translations of Boccaccio's Decameron (100 stories), and of the great Italian poets, Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto. Dean Church has written an essay on Dante, and Mr. J. A. Symonds an introduction to the Study of Dante. Mr. J. R. Lowell has also written a scholarly paper on the same subject, extending to 120 pages, and which is included in the second series of "Among My Books." It is biographical as well as critical, and gives a sketch of the history of opinion on Dante, as well as an examination of his genius.]

LEIGH HUNT has gathered for English readers "Stories from the Italian Poets."

[The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, a versatile and erratic Italian genius, is valuable for the view it gives of the morals and social life of Italy and France in the middle of the 16th century.]

There are excellent lives of GOETHE and SCHILLER, the two most celebrated German writers, by GEORGE HENRY LEWES and THOMAS CARLYLE. A Life of GOETHE by Dr. DÜNTZNER, recently translated from the German, gives the fullest account of him yet published. GOETHE'S celebrated novel—Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship, has been admirably translated by Thomas Carlyle, who has also given us translations from other German novelists—MUSAEUS, TIECK, and JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

It may be added that those who read French and German can procure any of the great classic authors of France and Germany, in the original, for twopence-halfpenny and threepence a volume, each containing above 200 pages.

The novels of FREDERIKA BREMER and the tales of HANS ANDERSEN will be read with interest.

[Miss Bremer's writings are distinguished by sound judgment, keen knowledge of character, and vividness of description. She visited England, Germany, and America, and embodied her recollections of the last country in a charming volume called "Homes of the New World." Hans Andersen left a very interesting autobiography,]

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Some of the novels of *TOURGANIEFF*, the Walter Scott of Russia, have been translated into English by Mr. Ralston and others.

[Two of these will be read with deep interest, *Virgin Soil* and *Lisa*. Russian country life—of the peasants as well as the nobles and landed proprietors—is depicted in the most vivid and striking manner, and with admitted truthfulness.]

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS. Translated by Sir R. Burton. Prepared for household reading by Lady Burton. This takes precedence of all previous translations. The one hitherto generally read is by E. W. Lane, in 3 volumes. There is also a translation by John Payne.

[One of the great books of the world—a revelation, in fact, of the outer and inner life of the East.]





THE GENERAL READER.

BY J. B. OLDHAM.

Illud autem vide, ne ista lectio multorum auctorum et omnis generis voluminum habeat aliquid vagum et instabile. Certis ingeniis immorari et innutrirī oportet, si velis aliquid trahere quod in animo fidelit̄r sedeat. Nusquam est qui ubique est. In peregrinatione vitam agentibus hoc evenit, ut multa hospit̄a habeant, nullas amicitias. Idem accidat necesse est iis qui nullius se ingenio familiarit̄r applicant, sed omnia cursim et properantes transmittunt. . . . Distrahit animum librorum multitudo. Itaque cum legere non possis quantum habueris, sat est habere quantum legas.—L. Ann̄ei Senec̄e ad Lucilium Epistola, 2.

SHADES of the Attic dead! What maw is this
Devouring everything that it can get
From Trojan horse to Indian calumet,
From Vedic lore to Zadkiel's prophecies?
A gulf, on gulfs deep-founded, an abyss
Whose bottom never man hath ventured yet
To guess at; Scylla and Charybdis met
Together in the jaws of Dante's Dis!

No! reading is no idle summer's trip
Across a continent; no hurried glance
In easy survey of a universe.
To read is to drink slowly, sip by sip,
The thoughts of men as centuries advance,
And with the world's most glorious dead converse.



THE SONNETS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

BY BENJAMIN SAGAR.

IT has probably struck many readers as a remarkable fact that amongst the whole of the voluminous writings of Browning, up to a very short time ago, not a single sonnet or poem approaching a sonnet structurally, was to be found. On reflection, however, this total absence of sonnets from our poet's works is, I think, easily accounted for.

This is not a fit occasion on which to enter into any elaborate analysis of the *raison d'être* of the sonnet, but it may safely be said that it is best fitted, and most generally used, for the poetic elaboration of a single thought, or of one particular phase of any given thought, and is therefore peculiarly applicable to the expression of the *personal* thoughts of the poet.

In writing of Hartley Coleridge, the late Walter Bagehot says:—

"It is in this self-delineative species of poetry that, in our judgment, Hartley Coleridge has attained to nearly, if not quite, the highest excellence. . . . Perhaps there is something in the structure of the sonnet rather adapted to this species of composition. It is too short for narrative, too artificial for the intense passions, too complex for the simple, too elaborate for the domestic; but in an impatient world, where there is not a premium on self-describing, whoso would speak of himself must be wise and brief, artful and composed, and in these respects he will be aided by the concise dignity of the tranquil sonnet." (*Literary Studies*, 1879, vol. i., p. 63.)

Whilst not entirely agreeing with the above *dictum*, it so admirably explains why Browning is not, and cannot of necessity ever become, one of the world's sonneteers, that I make no apology for the lengthy extract.

Following Bagehot's line, just cited, Browning is not a narrative poet; he does not treat of simple passions nor of the domestic, but he does treat largely, almost wholly, of those deep, soul-stirring passions which go to make up complex man. In his preface to a re-issue of "Sordello," in 1863, he writes those oft-quoted important words descriptive of his *motif* in writing "Sordello." He says: "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; *little else is worth study*. I, at least, always thought so——." Nor is Browning a "personal," that is, self-delineative, poet, in the sense in which this term might fitly be applied to Wordsworth—far, very far, from it; and amongst some of his latter volumes are poems distinctly repudiating the right of the public to pry into the poet's (*i.e.*, poet, any poet, *as such*) private thoughts or life. In the poem, "House" (*Pacchiarotto*, &c., 1876, p. 60), he asks—

Shall I sonnet sing you about myself?
 Do I live in a house you would like to see?
 Is it scant of gear, has it store of pelf?
 Unlock my heart with a sonnet-key?
 Invite the world, as my betters have done?
 "Take notice: this building remains on view,
 Its suites of reception every one,
 Its private apartment and bedroom too;
 For a ticket, apply to the Publisher."
 No: thanking the public, I must decline.
 A peep through my window, if folks prefer,
 But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine!

* * * * *

Outside should suffice for evidence:
 And who so desires to penetrate
 Deeper, must dive by the spirit-sense—
 No optics like yours, at any rate!

"Hoity-toity! A street to explore,
 Your house the exception! 'With this same key
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart,' once more!"
 Did Shakespeare! If so, the less Shakespeare he!

—which is rather hard on Wordsworth, and a slap at the many "Explanations" of Shakespeare's sonnets.

The thought here arises, Has Browning in his writings sufficiently acknowledged the worth of Wordsworth? I cannot, certainly, at the moment remember any open-hearted whole-praise of him, whilst we all instantly recall his "Lost Leader." But in referring to this oft-cited poem, it is at least only fair to Browning, that his "confession" thereon should be cited too. It was written for publication, and addressed to Dr. A. B. Grosart, for insertion in his *Prose Works of Wordsworth* (3 vols. London: Moxon, 1876, p. 36, 37), and runs thus:—

19, Warwick Crescent, W.,

Feb. 24, 1875.

Dear Mr. Grosart,—I have been asked the question you now address me with, and as duly answered it—I can't remember how many times. There is no sort of objection to one more assurance, or rather confession on my part that I *did* in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerated personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter's model: one from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account: had I intended more, above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about "handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon." These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet, whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was, by a regular face-about of his special party, was, to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to deplore. But just as in the tapestry on my wall I can recognise figures which have *struck out* a fancy, on occasion, that though truly enough thus derived, yet would be preposterous as a copy, so, though I dare not deny the original of my little poem, I altogether refuse to have it considered as the "very effigies" of such a moral and intellectual superiority.—Faithfully yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

This letter is *amende* so honorable, that it *ought*, I think, to be always referred to, or at least remembered, when speaking of the "Lost Leader." It is also highly interesting to the Browning student for its reference to "the tapestry on his wall," which, together with the line of Edgar in

"King Lear," were the sources of inspiration from which welled his magnificent "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came."

Of Shelley and Keats he shows deep admiration; in his early days being largely under the influence of the former, calling him "Sun-Treader;" whilst of Shakespeare—despite his sonnets—his works are full of allusion to him, the poet of all poets, he says:—

" . . . I declare our Poet him
Whose insight makes all others dim :
A thousand poets pried at life,
And only one amid the strife
Rose to be Shakespeare!"

(Christmas Eve and Easter Day, 1850—57.)

Previous to the autumn of 1883, you, "British Public, ye who like me not" ("Ring and Book," vol. i., p. 72), had seen no specimen of Browning's sonnets, nor was it aware that he could write, or had written, any. For myself, I had concluded that, like his friend Walter Savage Landor, he must have sworn a solemn oath never to write one. But no! his volume "Jocoseria" (1883) contained *three*—the first of his ever published; and very strange ones they are, and are used as sort of *moral* to "adorn the tale" of "Jochanan Hakkadosh" (John the Saint), a Hebrew Rabbi, whose life and strange death are the subject of the poem.

The *first* sonnet of Browning was written some thirteen years before—in 1870—at the request of Lord Dufferin, and had as subject the memorial tower which Lord Dufferin had erected at Clondeboye, Ireland, to the memory of his mother, Helen, Countess of Gifford, and was first published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Dec. 28th, 1883. It runs thus:—

(No. 1.)

HELEN'S TOWER.

Who hears of Helen's Tower may dream perchance
How the Greek Beauty from the Scæan Gate
Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate,
Death-doom'd because of her fair countenance.

Hearts would leap otherwise at thy advance.
 Lady, to whom this Tower is consecrate !
 Like hers, thy face once made all eyes elate
 Yet, unlike hers, was blessed by every glance.
 The Tower of Hate is outworn, far and strange ;
 A transitory shame of long ago,
 It dies into the sand from which it sprang ;
 But thine, Love's rock-built Tower, shall fear no change.
 God's self laid stable earth's foundations so,
 When all the morning stars together sang.

April 26th, 1870.

On examination it will be found that this sonnet is structurally, perfectly Petrarchan; and for convenience of further reference, I borrow Tomlinson's arrangement of Petrarch's Sonnets (*Tomlinson on the Sonnet*. London: Murray, 1874, p. 4), the whole of which he divides into three Types, the rhyme endings being arranged as follow:—

Type I.—The “normal Italian sonnet”—		
	1221 1221	or, A B B A A B B A, &c.
	345 345	”
Type II.—	1221 1221	”
	343 434	”
Type III.—	1221 1221	”
	345 435	”

This “Helen's Tower” is the *only* sonnet Browning has written, which fully answers *all* the requirements in a perfect sonnet of the “normal” Italian Type, in that its rhymes are perfectly arranged, and that the octave does not run on into the sestet.

Browning's sonnets number *nine* only, in all, and in but two others of them does he make a perfect break between the octave and sestet, viz., in Nos. 5 and 9 (*infra*), and both these are of Type II.; so that his *first* is his only example of the perfect “normal Italian Type,” whilst his *middle* and *last* are correct examples of Type II. The remainder, six in number, are two of Type I. (Nos. 4 and 8), two of Type II. (Nos. 2 and 3), and one variation each of

Types I. and II. (Nos. 6 and 7), all six having the octave and sestet coupled by the eighth line running on into the ninth. The whole of his sonnets have perfect octave rhymes, viz., a b b a, a b b a, and none of them end with the objectionable final couplet.

For convenience of reference the following Table of the "Rhyme Arrangements" may be of service:—

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
"Helen's Tower."	"Jochanan" (No. I).	"Jochanan" (No. II).	"Jochanan" (No. III).	"Goldoni."	"Rawdon Brown."	"The Name."	"Founder of the Feast."	"Why I am a Liberal."
A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C
D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
E	C	C	E	C	E	C	E	C
C	D	D	C	D	C	D	C	D
D	C	C	D	C	E	D	D	C
E	D	D	E	D	D	C	E	D
Type I.	Type II.	Type II.	Type I.	Type II.	Var. of Type I.	Var. of Type II.	Type I.	Type II.

The three sonnets first published are those referred to above, in "Jocoseria," and sum up the story of the life of Jochanan Hakkadosh, who all his life through strove in his finite way to reach the infinite, and who dies saying of himself that he was "a failure from his birth." Here are the sonnets:—

(No. 2.)

I.

Moses the Meek was thirty cubits high,
 The staff he strode with—thirty cubits long;
 And when he leapt, so muscular and strong
 Was Moses, that his leaping neared the sky
 By thirty cubits more: we learn thereby
 He reached full ninety cubits—am I wrong?—
 When, in a fight slurr'd o'er by sacred song,
 With staff out-stretched he took a leap to try
 The just dimensions of the giant Og.
 And yet he barely touched—this marvel lacked
 Posterity to crown earth's catalogue
 Of marvels—barely touched—to be exact—
 The giant's ankle-bone, remained a frog
 That fain would match an ox in stature—fact!

1883.

(No. 3.)

II.

And this same fact has met with unbelief!
 How saith a certain traveller? "Young, I chanced
 To come upon an object—if thou canst,
 Guess me its name and nature! 'Twas, in brief,
 White, hard, round, hollow, of such length, in chief,
 —And this is what especially enhanced
 My wonder—that it seemed, as I advanced,
 Never to end. Bind up within thy sheaf
 Of marvels, this—Posterity! I walked
 From end to end—four hours walked I, who go
 A goodly pace—and found—I have not balked
 Thine expectation, stranger! Ay or no?—
 'Twas but Og's thigh-bone, all the while, I stalked
 Alongside of: respect to Moses, though!

1883.

(No. 4.)

III.

Og's thigh-bone,—if ye deem its measure strange,
 Myself can witness to much length of shank
 Even in birds. Upon a water's bank
 Once halting, I was minded to exchange
 Noon heat for cool. Quoth I, "On many a grange
 I have seen storks perch—legs both long and lank:
 Yon stork's must touch the bottom of this tank,
 Since on its top doth wet no plume derange
 Of the smooth breast. I'll bathe there!" "Do not so"
 Warned me a voice from heaven. "A man let drop
 His axe into that shallow rivulet—
 As thou accountest—seventy years ago:
 It fell and fell, and still without a stop
 Keeps falling, nor has reached the bottom yet."

1883.

To a student of "the sonnet" these certainly seem strange productions—their strangeness arising, I fancy, from their being so largely of an exclamatory nature, abounding in strange punctuation, and many notes of interrogation and exclamation. Mr. Arthur Symonds, in his recently-published excellent little *Introduction to the Study of Browning* (Cassell and Co., 1886), calls them *burlesque sonnets*. I would rather class them amongst the many semi- or serio- grotesque poems Browning has given us. His fifth sonnet appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of 8th December, 1883, and was "written impromptu" by Browning "for the album of the Committee of the Goldoni Monument at Venice," and is as follows:—

(No. 5.)

Goldoni,—good, gay, sunniest of souls,—
 Glassing half Venice in that verse of thine,—
 What though it just reflect the shade and shine
 Of common life, nor render as it rolls
 Grandeur and gloom? Sufficient for thy shoals
 Was Carnival: Parini's depths enshrine
 Secrets unsuited to that opaline
 Surface of things which laughs along thy scrolls.
 There through the people: how they come and go,
 Lisp the soft language, flaunt the bright garb—see—
 On Piazza, Calle, under Portico
 And over Bridge! Dear king of Comedy,
 Be honoured! Thou that didst love Venice so,
 Venice, and we who love her, all love thee!

Venice, Nov. 27, 1883.

It is clear that about this time Browning, then in Venice, had a slight attack of the sonnet-fit upon him, for his sixth was written the day following the above, viz., Nov. 28, 1883, and has for its subject the "apocryphal story" of Rawdon Brown, a well-known English resident in Venice, who went there with a specific object in view, intending to stay a few days—and ended by stopping forty years! It first appeared, with "Mr. Browning's permission, and that of the lady at whose request it was written," in the *Century Magazine* for February, 1884:—

(No. 6.)

RAWDON BROWN.

*Tutti ga i so gusto, e mi go i mit.**

Sighed Rawdon Brown, "Yes I'm departing Toni!
 I needs must just this once before I die,
 Re-visit England: *Anglus* Brown am I,
 Although my heart's Venetian. Yes, old crony—
 Venice and London—London's Death the Bony
 Compared with Life—that's Venice! What a sky,
 A sea this morning! One last look! Good-bye.
 Cà Pesara! no lion—I'm a cony
 To weep! I'm dazzled; 'tis that sun I view
 Rippling the—the—Cospetto, Toni! Down
 With carpet-bag, and off with valise-straps!
 'Bella Venezia, non ti lascio più!'"

Nor did Brown ever leave her: well, perhaps
 Browning next week, may find himself quite Brown!

Venice, Nov. 28, 1883.

Manchester had the honour of publishing Browning's next sonnet—his seventh—in that very curious and interesting *Shakespeare Show Book*, printed by George Falkner and Sons, published on May 29, 1884: its subject, of course, being Shakespeare:—

(No. 7.)

THE NAMES.

Shakespeare!—to such name's sounding what succeeds
 Fitly as silence? Falter forth the spell,—
 Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
 Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.
 Two Names there are: That which the Hebrew reads
 With his soul only; if from lips it fell,
 Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven and hell,
 Would own "Thou didst create us!" Thought impedes
 We voice the other name, man's most of might,
 Awesomely, lovingly: let awe and love
 Mutely await their working, leave to sight
 All of the issue as—below—above—
 Shakespeare's creation rises: one remove,
 Though dread—this finite from the infinite.

12 March, 1884.

* "Everybody follows his taste, and I follow mine."—*Venetian Proverb*.

In this sonnet Browning refers to the Hebrew custom of never naming aloud the name of God—Jehovah; and the strange fact in Jewish religion has evidently made a deep impression on him, for he makes several of his characters refer to it, from his highest to his lowest, from, say, Abt Vogler (Selections, 1st Series, p. 245), to Mr. Sludge, "The Medium" (Selections, 2nd Series, p. 281).

In the *World* of April 16, 1884, was first published his eighth sonnet, written at the request of Herr Joachim, the violinist, for insertion in the album presented to Mr. Arthur Chappell, of the St. James's Hall Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts, and is entitled—

THE FOUNDER OF THE FEAST.

"Enter my palace," if a prince should say,
 "Feast with the Painters! See, in bounteous row,
 They range from Titian up to Angelo!"
 Could we be silent at the rich survey?
 A host so kindly, in as great a way
 Invites to banquets, substitutes for show
 Sound that's diviner still, and bids us know
 Bach like Beethoven; we are thankless, pray?
 Thanks, then, to Arthur Chappell—thanks to him
 Whose every guest henceforth not idly vaunts,
 "Sense has received the utmost Nature grants."
 My cup was filled with rapture to the brim,
 When night by night—Ah, memory, how it haunts!—
 Music was poured by perfect ministrants
 By Hallé, Schumann, Piatti, Joachim.

April 5th, 1884.

It will at once be observed that this is a "*caudated*," or "tailed" sonnet, having an additional (fifteenth) line; and although we in Manchester might pardon the blemish, seeing the line is commenced with the name of "our own" Hallé, still, blemish it is. On pointing it out to Mr. Browning, he kindly informed me that the sonnet was "all but improvised at the request of Joachim, by whom it was to be presented the next day," and that it was "subsequently corrected by the omission of the superfluous

line," thus simply and dexterously making the corrected version—

(No. 8.)

"Enter my palace," if a prince should say,
 "Feast with the Painters! See, in bounteous row,
 They range from Titian up to Angelo!"
 Could we be silent at the rich survey?
 A host so kindly, in as great a way
 Invites to banquets, substitutes, for show,
 Sound that's diviner still, and bids us know
 Bach like Beethoven. Are we thankless, pray,
 To him whose every guest not idly vaunts
 "Sense has received the utmost Nature grants?"
 My cup was filled with rapture to the brim,
 When night by night—Ah, memory, how it haunts!—
 Music was poured by perfect ministrants,
 By Hallé, Schumann, Piatti, Joachim.

The last sonnet we have by Browning is the one perhaps the most widely known, and was used as proem to Mr. A. Arthur Reade's little book containing answers from many political, &c., celebrities to the question, "Why am I a Liberal?" Browning's answer is as follows:—

(No. 9.)

WHY I AM A LIBERAL

"Why?" Because all I haply can and do,
 All that I am now—all I hope to be—
 Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
 Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
 God traced for both? If fetters, not a few,
 Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
 These shall I bid men—each in his degree
 Also God-guided—bear, and gaily too?
 But little do or can the best of us:
 THAT LITTLE IS ACHIEVED THROUGH LIBERTY.
 Who, then, dare hold—emancipated thus—
 His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
 Who live, love, labour freely, nor discuss
 A brother's right to freedom. That is "Why."

1885.

From this collation of Browning's sonnets it is clear that he does not use that form of verse as a vehicle for the expounding of any of the higher thoughts of life, but for

what might be called "occasional pieces." That he *can* write a sonnet, and a very fine one too, the above amply prove—witness that on "Helen's Tower," or "The Names," and notably this last, and I am personally inclined to regret that he has not given us in his numerous works more of such poems as I have just named. The new volume from his pen does not contain an example of his sonnet-work, but I venture to hope that "the head and the heart of him" who has given us so much so worth-full, noble work, may still long be spared to us, and that he may, of his superabundance, occasionally at least, browse in the sonnet's "scanty plot of ground."





ON A FIRST READING OF ROBERT
BROWNING'S LAST VOLUME.

BY J. OSCAR PARKER.

I'VE perused, O friend Browning, this "parleying" matter,
Set forth in your specialized, brain-crimping patter,
And have risen therefrom like the mythical hatter,
So mad !

I've exploited your decasyllabic contortions,
Your griping deliv'rances, so like abortions,
And wondered what semblance to human proportions
They had.

O blest is the rest of the lucky Furini !
And happy Bubb Dodington, *qui dormit bene* !
Empty skulls, where the spear of our hirsute Athene
Raps hollow.

Select souls, disenchanted of consciousness wholly,
De Lairese, Smart, Avison, Mandeville, Bartoli,
Requiescant. Not yours is the fate melancholy
To follow

The thread of fine gold in its twisting and turning.
Not yours the knit derm, the head-ache, and heart-burning,
The butterless buttermilk seas after churning
For aye.

You can lie with your toes to the unthinking daisies,
And idly muse why modern verse such a haze is
And stolidly grin at us swamped in the mazes

Of pi.

And I puzzled long vainly why you were selected,
Dubbed "men of importance," and thus resurrected,
And made to point morals that can't be detected

By one ;

Till at last the thought came in a wild inspiration,—
We are taught how we, too, spurned in our generation,
After morbidly tickling the earth-worm's gustation,
May be by some future poetic gyration,
Served up in a hash of rapt mystification ;
The critic's despair, the cynic's elation,
The subject of endless, red-hot disputation,
Of maddening, curse-breeding, gall-stuffed irritation.

What fun !





FRIENDS IN JOTUNHEIM.

BY C. E. TYRER.

THOSE who travelled in the Norwegian *Vestland* in the July of 1886 are not likely soon to forget the weather they experienced. In one of his poems the Laureate describes feelingly, if not very poetically, the rain which beset him in the plains of Lombardy,—but even his experiences in the matter of rain are not likely to have equalled those which befel one last summer among the mountains and fiords of Western Norway. And yet the rain, which threatened to drown the dispirited traveller, did not drown the landscape—rather, through its misty veil, and through glimpses in the enveloping and overhanging clouds, fell and foss and fiord revealed a solemn magnificence, an unspeakable beauty, unknown to those who have only seen them in cloudless weather. It was raining as I left Trondhjem at the end of June, it rained when crossing the Dovrefjeld, it rained in the Romsdal, it rained at Hellesylt, it rained at Faleide (to say it rained there is to use an absurd euphemism), it rained at lovely Balholmen; and the weather was still unsettled as in the last days of July I mounted—sometimes on foot, sometimes in a carriage—the long, excellent road which leads from Lærdalsøren on the Sognefjord over the Fillefjeld to Valdres and the East. Near Hæg I overtook two Norwegian students, trudging on like myself with knapsack and staff, and

entered into conversation with them in the unconstrained way easy, almost inevitable, in Norway. "We are going into Jotunheim, will you join us?" So we agreed to unite, and had a merry meal together at Maristuen—pleasant, breezy Maristuen, in whose verandah I remembered sitting a year before with another friendly band of students far into the July night, smoking and drinking toddy, and listening to the plunge and roar of the Læra in the gorge beneath, till the hostess came out and hinted it was time to go to bed. My new friends suggested we should take the old road which leads across a shoulder of the Suletind to Nystuen (the highest post-station on the road), and which looks from Maristuen like a green ribbon stretched up the slope of dun-coloured mountain. Higher up, however, we got bewildered among competing tracks, and finally—after a couple of hours' scramble up and down boulder-strewn slopes, through bogs, snow patches, and cushions of reindeer-moss—landed, to my no small disgust, on the high-road beside one of the dismal Smeddal lakes, and still at what proved to be a distance of many miles from Nystuen. Welcome, at length, after many disappointments and delusions, were the friendly lights of the little mountain-inn, as we saw them ahead in the gathering dusk—welcome the excellent supper which was soon ready for us, and the beds where we slept the sleep, if not of the just, at any rate of the weary.

The following day the rain again came down in earnest, but for once I hailed it with pleasure, as I was conscious of having over-exerted myself the previous day, and I knew that in such weather an expedition into Jotunheim was out of the question, even for hardy children of the north. The little post-station was full of Norwegian students, with some German and English tourists, and from the latter I learned some more recent details of the

great electoral struggle which had just been raging in England than I had been able to glean from the Norwegian papers. Of course there was much smoking and "skaaling"; during the morning chocolate was made and handed round from the supply of some hospitable students, and we were all as merry as prisoners generally are in such circumstances. As the afternoon wore on the clouds lifted a little, the rain ceased, and an adventurous band climbed the steep heights above the station, hoping for a glimpse of that wondrous prospect over the snowy wastes and jagged peaks of Jotunheim which no one who has seen under favourable conditions is ever likely to forget. Meanwhile a few travellers left who were pressed for time, but many more arrived, so that at night the mountain inn was packed to its utmost capacity. Among the new arrivals were two men of remarkable appearance, and yet remarkable, too, for a great contrast of face and physique—one being tall, well-made, ruddy-faced, and singularly handsome; the other, short, pale, and slightly deformed. Of these more anon. It was not until the following day that I discovered I had slept beneath the same roof with two of the most famous of living Scandinavians.

The evening's promise of fine weather for the following day was not belied, and we started very early the next morning, bound for Tvindehaugen on Lake Tyin in Jotunheim. We were six in all—four students, the writer, and a native who was to act as guide and help to row us over the lake. The morning was bright and lovely as only a morning can be after a day of rain, and we buckled on our knapsacks with eagerness, and set out eastwards along the Utrovand. No sunshine can make out of this sombre moorland-top and ice-fed lake a cheerful or inviting landscape, but the breeze that blows

over the *fjeld* seems like the breath of life itself, and the loveliest flowers grow in luxuriance on the fringe of the gloomy mere. The wild geranium, golden and white buttercups, the rose-red lychnis, the aconite with its long dusky-purple spikes, and, above all, clusters upon clusters of blue-eyed forget-me-nots, of the greatest size and beauty, grow on the margin of the lake—not to mention the profusion of lowly Alpine plants that brighten the hillsides around, and make this, as well as the Dovrefjeld, a paradise for the botanist. It is a singular fact that nowhere on the whole road between Gjøvik on the Mjösen Lake and Lærdalsören on the Sogne does such a prodigality and luxuriance of floral beauty continually invite the traveller's eye and hand as here, at its highest point, more than 3,000 feet above the sea. Leaving the main road just before it plunges into the blue depths of Valders, our guide turned to the left and led us through a wood of stunted birch, the grass beneath it strewn with the exquisite white stars of *Trientalis Europæa*. Soon two boisterous, crystal-clear streams had to be crossed on single planks, unfastened and unprotected—rather a trying business for nervous people. On my return a mishap happened here to an Englishman (not the present writer), who had to be fished out by his Norwegian friends, and was accordingly named by them “den vaade Engelskmand” (the wet Englishman). On we went, along the roughest of paths, picking our way at times, as best we could, up the beds of torrents, till we came to a great gap in the mountain wall, whence we got the first sight of our promised land. This is Jotunporten, the gate of Jotunheim.

In the Scandinavian mythology, Jotunheim (giant's home) is the name given to the abode of the Frost Giants, between whom and the Æsir or Gods who

inhabit Asgard there rages an internecine strife, culminating in what is known as the *Ragnarök* or *Twilight of the Gods*.^{*} It was therefore appropriate that when this district was first explored by Norwegians in the early part of the present century, they should have transferred the name to this region of jagged ice-bound peaks, shaped in countless æons by the slow but resistless agencies of frost and fire. It should be borne in mind that the peak-conformation, which is the rule in Switzerland and our own mountains of Wales and Cumberland, is the exception in Norway; it is, in the main, as seen from the higher ground, a country of vast melancholy plateaux (called *fjelde*), and of the deep gorges and gorge-like fjords which intersect them. Here, as if to complete the contrast with the characteristic Norwegian landscape, the peaks are singularly precipitous, surpassing in this respect those of Switzerland, and many of the sharpest and wildest of these peaks cluster round three large Alpine lakes, each lying more than 3,000 feet above sea-level. On one of them, Lake Tyin, we look down from Jotunporten, and are not long in reaching its shore at Vasenden (water-end), where a hut has recently been erected for travellers.

There was some delay in getting a boat (there always is in Norway, where the people are not enslaved to that stern master Time, but treat him rather as a playmate, and do not understand our hurried English ways), and meanwhile our names must be inscribed in the visitors' book. The boat, when we got into it, seemed rather a cranky affair, and only just held the six of us with a man from the hut as an extra rower. It leaked, too, as usual, but nobody seemed to mind it for a considerable time, when it became

^{*} It is probable that the Jotuns were impersonations of the rude chaotic forces of nature in general, rather than of any one special force. The whole question, however, seems to be involved in much confusion. See Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, Vol. I., pp. 10, 133, 148, 152; Carlyle, *On Heroes*, Lect. I.

necessary to use the wooden scoop vigorously. How beautiful in that clear, fresh morning were those lightly rippled waters—a crystal mirror for the nearer snow-flecked heights, and the giant peaks which overfrowned them! No trees grow beside these Jotunheim lakes, on whose sides, almost down to the water's edge, the snow lies in patches even in July, and their shores are uninhabited, save by a few cowherds in summer, and by the people who for the months of July and August live in the Tourist Club huts and attend to the wants of travellers. An American lady, whom I met at an inn on the Storfjord, told me that the Romsdal was the *prettiest* thing she had seen so far in Norway (if she had called it ugly I would have forgiven her); but I think that even she would hardly have applied that epithet to this solemn mountain mere, clear though its waters were as unsullied crystal. Presently one of the students, looking back towards Vasenden, exclaimed, "There come Drachmann and Grieg. I daresay we have got their boat." These, then, were the two distinguished-looking strangers who had arrived at Nystuen yesterday. Of Drachmann I had not heard, though I was not long in making the discovery that he holds almost, if not quite, the foremost place among living Danish poets; but Grieg!—his music had haunted me with its weird cadences and exquisite melodies—melodies which seemed instinct with the spirit of the wild and lovely, the "true and tender" North. I had narrowly missed bringing a letter of introduction to him; and here, amid the scenes which had inspired his genius, I was, by the merest accident, to meet him. Nothing could have been more brightly fortunate. Here was some compensation for all the mishaps of a journey which ill-health and bad weather had done their best to spoil, and this seemed then, as it seems now, the crowning point of my Scandinavian tour. And so as we

rowed up this beautiful lake, with the dark peaks around us rising from their glittering fields of snow and glacier, I thought not only of that glorious mountain world into whose sublimest recesses I was penetrating, but of the great men who were coming after, and whom I was certain to meet at Tvindehaugen. But there is the hut, only a speck at first, on the lake side; and see! as we near it, the flag is hoisted to welcome us. Perhaps we were mistaken for the distinguished party which was coming behind; but no matter! misgivings of the kind shall not spoil our gratification at so warm a reception.

The hut at Tvindehaugen consists of three rooms opening out of each other; the kitchen (where the grateful aroma of cooking gave promise of a good dinner); the sitting and eating room; and the bedroom *par excellence*, though the other two rooms are also used as sleeping rooms. In the little *salon* and *spise-sal* combined, I found a small library of books, including *Nordiske Toner*—one of the most exquisite collections of lyrics I have ever seen—and a translation into Norsk of that admirable book, *Three in Norway*. There was also a complete collection of the *Norske Turist-foreningens Aarbøger*, where the unaspiring may share some of the excitement of mountaineering without its perils, and follow that fierce mountain-lover, Mr. W. C. Slingsby (the English hero of the club), in his tremendous exploits on ice and rock. It is to this Norwegian Tourist Club that we owe the erection of this and similar huts, and such help in the providing of boats and guides, making of bridges over torrents, &c., as alone could render such a district accessible to the traveller; as such it deserves the respect of all mountaineers and genuine lovers of nature, as much as the recently started *Norske Turist Bureau* (the object of which is, by further facilitating travel along the main-routes, to lure rich

Englishmen into the country) deserves their detestation. I also inspected the travellers' book, and found to my surprise that very few Englishmen appear to have visited Tvindehaugen. There was the name, however, of a well-known and lamented Manchester man (a genuine lover of old Norway), W. Stanley Jevons, and that of an acquaintance of my own—likewise of a family well known in Manchester—who now has the excellent good fortune to fill a professorial chair at Oxford.

But here comes the boat which is bringing the distinguished travellers, and as it nears the little landing place, the musician—a slender figure in a long overcoat and a broad-brimmed grey felt hat—rises, and I recognise a face familiar to me from portraits, and which I was somewhat surprised I had not previously identified. Pale, with rather a worn look, and lit by a pair of steel-grey eyes, which seemed always contemplating the unseen or the far-away, it was—though not handsome or exactly striking—the face of a man of genius. By his side the tall, broad-chested, athletic form of the poet seemed that of a giant, and his face was lit with a mellower, richer light. As they came into the hut with their portmanteaus and traps, I had plenty of opportunity to mark the contrast between the two men. With them came two Norwegian students and a young Englishman, equipped with an ice-axe, which I thought meant work. I say “equipped with an ice-axe,” for that seemed at first sight to be his sole equipment save the light tourist suit he had on, but on a nearer view he turned out to have in addition a camera and a slender satchel, the latter slung over his shoulder, and chiefly filled with photographic materials. Almost immediately the poet and the musician returned to the lake side, and the poet (who is likewise an artist), seated on a chair, proceeded to sketch the noble outline of the Falketind

opposite, with its blue masses of clinging glacier, while the musician stood at his back and watched the progress of the drawing. The sun shone brilliantly, and there was hardly a ripple on the surface of the water. It is a scene that often comes back to my memory—one of those mental pictures that seem more real than the weary, meaningless, phantasmagoria of everyday life. About two o'clock we all sat down to dinner, and the meal was very creditable to the cooking capabilities of our two girl-hostesses, Ingeborg and Kari. There was first a vegetable soup, which was followed by excellent trout, and some kind of stewed meat (I forget what)—indeed, but for the want of tablecloth and napkins, it was quite a civilised meal; and one often fares worse at pretentious hotels in merry England. Three courses in Jotunheim!—that does not sound like roughing it. However, there was one omission, which seemed to hurt the poet's feelings a good deal—there were no pancakes, and a Norwegian dinner without pancakes, or some satisfactory equivalent, is rather a maimed affair. He was appeased, however, by the promise of coffee, which proved to be excellent, as it generally is in Norway. During dinner the musician had drunk the health of the young Englishman who had come over in the boat with him, bidding him "Welcome to Jotunheim." I, too, asked to be allowed the privilege of drinking the musician's health, to which he cordially assented, and this was the beginning of a very pleasant intercourse. I rather think the musician and his friends were a little taken aback at first on finding so many strangers already in possession of the hut; however, if any unpleasant feeling of the kind existed, it soon gave way, and a merrier or less constrained party of fellow-travellers could not have been found throughout the length and breadth of old Norway.

Immediately after dinner the Englishman with the ice-

axe left for Eidsbugarden and, after an hour or two's rest, we (who now numbered nine in all) set out to climb the Skinegg, a rocky ridge which fills up the angle formed by Lakes Tyn and Bygdin. A lad came with us to show the way and carry a campstool for the poet, who presently planted it at a spot where, through a gap in the mountain wall, the Uranaastind was revealed in its full splendour, the afternoon sun smiting the whiteness of its snows and the blue of its glaciers. Some of the students lingered with the poet, who evidently inspired them with great enthusiasm, while the rest of us followed the musician as he led the way up the mountain. We crossed extensive fields of snow, and at one place found horns and other traces of a dead reindeer. Where the snow had just melted, the ground was covered with thick patches of the *Ranunculus glacialis*, with its lovely cream-coloured cups. By-and-by we reached the top, where a cairn has been erected, and, keeping ourselves warm as well as we could in the bitterly cold wind, we waited for the poet and his followers. As he arrived, and strode up to the summit, I thought I had never seen a more majestic figure. Clad in a stout tourist suit, with a crimson mountain-flower stuck in his cap, making great strides with the help of a tough alpenstock, he seemed to me the ideal of a Tyrolese chamois-hunter, as I had conceived such a man to be. Presently a bottle of cognac was produced, from whence I do not know, but I suspect from one of the poet's capacious pockets, and the musician, standing on the highest point, lifted it to his mouth, shouting, *Skaal for Norge!* Then we all "skaal'd" in succession, and in the presence of that bitter wind a mouthful of brandy was very welcome. After it had gone all round, the musician drained the remainder, and flung the empty bottle rattling down the mountain side. The poet then lit a cigar, and in the lee of some sheltering rocks lay

down and smoked it, evidently with much enjoyment, while he contemplated the marvellous panorama around and beneath him. I wish I could describe those grim peaks and glittering snows and blue abysses, but what can words do in such a case? We were in the midst of a wilderness of shattered summits, some of which we in vain tried to identify by the aid of our maps—peak beyond peak, range beyond range, till they faded into the blue of the horizon. They seemed, indeed, like "the fragments of some earlier world." No house, no trace of human life or human neighbourhood was in sight, save the tourist-hut of Eidsbugarden, a tiny white dot on the shores of the bluish-green Bygdin lake, some thousands of feet below. However, a poet was with us, one who, though he does not describe, can in a marvellous way communicate the indescribable, and the record in words of Drachmann's feelings that day may yet probably delight the world, both for its own sake and for the music to which it will be set. It was certainly a memorable occasion, but we were most of us not loth to leave the summit of Skineggen, for the wind was as sharp as ice, and our extemporised attempts at massage were not successful in bringing any great relief. As we neared the base of the mountain and approached Tvindehaugen, we noticed some people coming along the marshy land in the direction of the hut; it had now begun to rain, and evidently they would want accommodation for the night. Our inhospitable feelings were not lessened when we discovered that two out of the four were ladies. They turned out to be a party of Norwegians who had walked over from Eidsbugarden. However, after taking supper by themselves, they were stowed away somehow (the ladies, it was conjectured, sleeping in the kitchen), and we saw little of them, as they left by boat the next morning after an early breakfast.

This little *contretemps* did not however affect our spirits very long—we had a merry supper, and afterwards glasses of hot toddy were handed round from some private store. Then the girls, after a little pressing, were induced to sing some of their sweet plaintive *Folkeviser*. Magnificent as it is no doubt in a way to listen to the long-drawn trills of a Patti or an Albani, there is something to my mind much more affecting in hearing these simple girls pour forth from their hearts the ditties they have learned in childhood, and which they never repeat before strangers unless assured of sympathetic interest. Their voices were soft and sweet, and the strains they sang were full of a gentle melancholy (“the sadness that is not akin to pain”), such as we seem to hear in the sounds of inanimate Nature—the voice of the wind among the pines, the dirge of the ebbing sea, the notes of certain birds, the long lake-ripple “washing in the reeds.” Such music, methinks, some savage mother might have learned from winds and waters, and sung as a lullaby to her sick or suffering child. I thought of those lines of Coleridge, “Composed in a Concert Room,” where, turning from the “intricacies of laborious song,” he thinks regretfully of the ballads and songs he had heard from the lips of his “dear Anne”:—

Thy voice remeasures
 Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
 The things of Nature utter ; birds or trees
 Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves,
 Or where the stiff grass 'mid the heath-plant waves,
 Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

Something similar all those of us have experienced who have ever heard Edwin Waugh croon in that sweet plaintive way of his his own exquisite song, “I’ll come to meet thee, Mary.” That strain, sung so tenderly and lovingly by the old bard, falls on the spirit like the breath of “winds that roam the twilight,” after the heat and

burden of the day. Waugh's poem itself reminds me of the Norwegian poet Wergeland's *Norsk Kjærlighedsang*, where the lover bids his beloved meet him, "by the dark lake, crowned with pine, when the stars are awaking, when the woods are dreaming, when everything but thine eye, that sparkles so nut-brown and kindly, is shadowed with the dusk of eve." We find this sweet natural melancholy—as well as what the Germans call *Innigkeit*—in many Scandinavian lyrics. They seem to come directly from the poet's heart, and also to reflect the solemn charm of the northern landscape—a landscape which, even in the brightest weather, possesses but little of the *riant*. Perhaps our own poet, William Allingham (and a very true poet he is), has more in common in these respects than any one else I could name with many of these lyrists of Norway—with Welhaven, Moe, Andreas Munch, and sometimes Björnson and Wergeland.

It was a singular experience to look out of the curtainless, blindless window into the "darkness visible" without—the dim line of peaks and the just-distinguishable gleam of the lake—and contrast that utter silence and desolation with the intense life inside the little hut. It really seemed, at one time, as if the poet and musician intended to make a night of it, so as, perhaps, to obviate the difficulty of room. Ingeborg however was consulted on that point, everything was arranged as well as possible under the circumstances, and about one o'clock there was a general movement bedwards.

We were not up very early next morning, and after we arose we had to wait some time for breakfast, though the smell of roasting and grinding coffee had perfumed the hut from an early hour. Of that day's doings my recollections are rather vague, but I know that a considerable number of "skaals" were drunk, and, perhaps, that has something to

do with the dimness of my memory. After breakfast, the students sang some national songs out of a little *Visebog* for travellers, which they usually carry about with them on their walking tours. Soon afterwards, the musician brought out from the inner room, where the poet had been writing, and read to us with great enthusiasm, some verses addressed *Til unge Normænd* (To young Norwegians), and evidently inspired by the songs which he had just heard. Of this we were allowed to take copies, and by the time it is published in the poet's next book, it will, I fancy, have been so widely diffused in manuscript as to be no longer new. It is a finely-spirited exhortation to follow Nature, rather than the fashions—political, social, literary, religious—of the day, ending with the line—

Gift jer kun med hende, Norske Studenter !

(Wed none but her, Norwegian students!) At dinner, we had again three courses, with coffee afterwards—the third course in this case being *rømmegrød*, a very rich kind of porridge, made of wheat meal and cream, with melted butter floating on the top, and eaten with sugar. Now, I can well imagine that if one returned from a stiff mountain scramble to a supper consisting exclusively of *rømmegrød*, one might finish one's basin with a relish, and even ask the smiling sæter-girl for more. However, Norwegian appetites are excellent, and all finished their *grød*, except the musician and—the Englishman. After dinner, there was more "skaaling," Drachmann recited a poem in praise of Tvindehaugen (not forgetting Ingeborg), and the Englishman, who also occasionally perpetrates rhyme, was called upon to read some verses which he was known to have written on the same theme. The poet had much to say about English men of letters—Tennyson (whom he had met in London), Swinburne, and his friend Edmund Gosse. Of Tennyson's poems, he told me he preferred "Maud" above

the others; while he has an enthusiastic admiration for Byron, whose "Don Juan" he is translating into Danish in the original metres.

I ought to have mentioned before that the rain had been pouring down in torrents the whole day, having begun apparently soon after we descended the Skinegg the previous evening, and continued with scarcely any intermission ever since. During a slight break, I tried to get a little exercise outside the hut—but it was no easy matter to find half-a-dozen yards dry and smooth enough for a promenade. In such weather, it was a wilderness of mud and swamp and boulder—and the prospect across the lake had lost all its charms. No shimmer of waves now, no glitter of peaks, and glow of purple precipices; the clouds hung low on the mountains, and every vestige of colour seemed to be blotted out; the beautiful Tyin lake looking merely a big dismal pool. There was something almost awful in the scene in such weather—and yet it was pleasant to feel so far, so very far, away from the familiar ugliness of Manchester streets. It is good to be here for a short time, methought—but a man could not make his home here, as on the shores of our own Windermere, or by Como or the Lemman Lake. Nature here seems to retain her primitive savagery untouched, and to defy the intrusion of man—he would be oppressed, scared, overwhelmed by the continual presence of these mighty rock-masses, these vast fields of snow and ice, and would yearn for trees and fields and human neighbourhood. However, the dreariness outside of the hut only served to emphasize the brightness and pleasantness within. The poet was engaged during a great part of the day in writing—while the musician paced up and down the narrow confines of the hut, with his face upturned, and a pale spiritual light in his grey eyes. Who knows what lovely melodies were born in the musician's

soul as he traversed the boards of that poor Jotunheim hut?

Early the next morning (Sunday, August 1st) four of our little group departed—two walking back by the lake-side to Vasenden, and two others going on to Eidsbugarden and Gjendeboden. The latter urged me to join them in a most friendly manner—and indeed the invitation was a tempting one, or would have been so had I been in better health, had I not known that the ground to be traversed was nothing but a swamp varied by water-courses, and also had I not had such distinguished fellow-travellers as the poet and musician. There is no shame in confessing that although I have, I trust, an unaffected love for the sublime in nature, the excellent and the great in humanity interest me still more. Perhaps our two heroes would have stayed longer at Tvindehaugen—where they seemed so happy and so much at home—but they were afraid more tourists would arrive and invade the solitude. Moreover, the weather had cleared somewhat, so a boat was ordered, and about one o'clock we prepared to leave. Before going, accounts were settled with the girls—the musician first making out a bill for himself and the poet. It was the first time I ever made out my own hotel bill, but the difficulties were smoothed over by the aid of the printed tariff and a little friendly assistance from Ingeborg. The poet (who, as a recent writer in the *Century Magazine* says of him, writes a copy of verses as readily as another man does a note) then read to us all (the girls included) his "Farvel til Tvindehaugen," closing, I think, with the refrain, which he told me he had heard in a Tyrolese Sennhütte, *Auf der Alm da giebt's ka Sünd* (there is no sin among the mountains). This is a sentiment, it need hardly be pointed out, to which the strict moralist would take very great exception indeed. The

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girls brought us glasses of milk in which to drink a parting "skaal," and accompanied us down to the lake, where the boat was waiting. But yonder (who would believe it?) comes the Englishman with the ice-axe, just in the nick of time to get a place in the boat! He had had, he told me, a dreary time at Eidsbugarden, among people who could not speak a word of English (he being blissfully ignorant of Norwegian), and expressed regret at not having stayed with us. He had, moreover, made the great and entirely unexpected discovery that one cannot get on very well in Jotunheim without a waterproof, and he was now on his way to Lærdal or Bergen to buy one. On learning from my countryman the utterly defenceless condition in which he had come into the mountains, the musician exclaimed (quite seriously, I am sure), "I admire you!" British pluck is indeed an admirable thing, even if it sometimes approaches foolhardiness, and an Englishman who ventures alone into an unknown land, of whose language he is entirely ignorant, to conquer the grim peaks of its wildest region with no weapon but an ice-axe and no protection against the weather save light summer clothing, is a man capable of doing great things.

So away we glided down the lake, the poet as well as the students taking his turn at relieving our men and pulling a good oar, till Tvindehaugen again looked in the distance no more than a spot of snow on the mountain side. At Maalnæs, about half-way down, we landed—why, I was at a loss to divine; but it turned out that our two rowers, who looked sullen and discontented, had declined to take us any further, on account of the roughness of the water in the reach of the lake we were about to enter. This looked a mere excuse, for the water seemed calm enough. We thought they were lazy, and preferred carrying our baggage to the hard work of rowing, though that is a

very un-Norwegian reason. Soon after landing, the photographer arranged his camera on a knoll overlooking the lake, and got the musician, the poet, and the rest of us to group ourselves in front. I hope he appreciated his good fortune in getting as subjects two such distinguished representatives of the art and literature of Scandinavia, with such a magnificent background of Scandinavian landscape, the Uranaastind raising his superb snow-bright peak across the blue waters, and reminding the photographer of the Matterhorn, which he had ascended the previous year. If the picture proved a success, we were all promised copies. Then we trudged on by the lake, along the vilest path it is possible to conceive—crossing torrents, wading through mud, and hardly ever, even for a dozen steps, finding a bit of smooth, crisp turf. After a couple of hours' walking we came to a rude boat-house, and here, after some delay, a small boat was procured, in which the men refused to take more than two of us. Grieg, whose weakly frame is no match for his energetic nature and fiery spirit, was evidently fatigued by the rough walking, and the question was, who should be the other passenger? The poet, seeing that I was also rather overdone by the journey, generously urged me to accompany the musician. But no! if he had been a millionaire I might have consented; but a poet, and one, too, who, though still in the prime of life, already shows grey hairs—I could not think of it for a moment! I should have lost my self-respect, and I doubt not the respect of the students likewise. So they left us, and we four walked along by the lake, the photographer and one of the students setting off at a great pace, and soon distancing the two others. Good Tom K.! He would stay behind with the halting Englishman, find the easiest places to cross torrents and swamps, and cheer him with the thought of the *meget god Middag* which he expected

we should eat at Vasenden. He was something of a dandy, and after arranging some flowers in his hat, brought out a pocket-mirror to study the effect of the *tout ensemble*, thinking, I daresay, all the while, of how it would look to a certain bright pair of eyes. It was nearly six o'clock when we reached Vasenden, though, in that deceitfully clear atmosphere, the hut had for a long time seemed quite near at hand. We found the photographer arranging his camera for a farewell picture.

The dinner turned out a poor affair, as far as the eating was concerned; but what was wanting in that direction was made up for by the drinkables. I never saw a man in more magnificent spirits than the poet. "The best of life," said he, quoting from his favourite Byron, "is but intoxication;" but it was the sense of freedom, the glorious nature, the joy of living, quite as much as the wine he drank, which exalted and inspired him. He drank to the "*Huldre*, the Lady of the Lake," and turning to a little girl, a daughter of the Opdals (the people of the house), who had entered the room, declared, with enthusiasm, "In five years she will drive all the travellers mad." It must have been by the vision of imagination ("the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling") that he saw the promise of beauty in her very plain features. Then he spoke warmly of England, and declared that on some accounts he should like to have been born an Englishman, and gave the two Englishmen present a cordial invitation to visit him in Copenhagen. One of them afterwards did so, and had a most hearty reception from the poet and his excellent wife, which he will always keep in grateful memory. One other ceremony had to be gone through; the Opdals were called in to assist in drinking the health of the musician—"Kom nærmere, Ivar Opdal; kom nærmere, Margarethe Opdal, og drikke en Skaal til vor berømte norske Componist, Edvard Grieg." (Come forward, Ivar

Opdal; come forward, Margarethe Opdal, and drink the health of our renowned Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg.) This was drunk all round with acclamation. Meanwhile, the musician had said little, leaving the burden of the conversation and the task of keeping up the glow to his more demonstrative friend. I remember, however, one remark of his: We were talking, I think, of the very scanty equipment, in the way of knowledge of the language, with which an Englishman often ventures into the wildest parts of Norway. "A traveller," said he, "could get on very well in Norway with only three Norsk words, *Jeg elske De* (I love you)." "Yes," I said, and the sentiment seemed to meet with general approval, "*Elskov er meget elsket i Norge* (Love is much loved in Norway)." But the time came all too soon when we must bid farewell to Jotunheim, and set out on our return to Nystuen and civilisation. As we left the hut, the poet, with his full deep voice, began chanting that noble poem of Björnson, which, set to as noble music by poor Richard Nordraak, has become the national song of Norway:—

Ja, vi elsker dette Landet,
Som det stiger frem
Furet, veirbidt over Vandet
Med de tusind Hjem.
Elsker, elsker det og tænker
Paa vor Far og Mor
Og den Saganat, som sænker
Drømme paa vor Jord.

Yea, we love this land,
As it rises up
Furrowed, weather-bit, over the water,
With its thousand homes.
Love, love it, and think
Of our father and mother
And the saga-night, that settles
Dreams on our earth.

And now we have reached once more Jotunporten, and turn back to take a farewell gaze of the enchanted land.

The day, which had begun dubiously enough, was making a beautiful ending, and the lake beneath was a perfect mirror for its majestic surroundings and the blue sky which overarched it. Sharp against the western heaven rose the sublime peak of the Uranaastind, and the rosy radiance of evening rested on its snows. "An impromptu from Drachmann! an impromptu from Drachmann!" was heard at once from several voices. "Not now," said the poet, "You shall hear it when we all get back to Nystuen."





GORMAN'S WELL.

BY RICHARD HOOKE.

KEDDAL GORMAN was "a brave old Irish gentleman, one of the olden time." Gorman was an Irish landlord, a generous and a kind-hearted man, but remarkable for great eccentricity of character. He possessed a large estate in a wild and mountainous district, and this estate was known by the name of "Gorman's Seven Hills." In Gorman's day landlords were not regarded as robbers of the worst type, for Gorman lived anterior to the blessed advent of Mr. George and his disciples, who came into the world to show that every man born into the world has an equal right to property as those in whose possession it is, through their own care and industry, or through that of their predecessors. Gorman was a kind and generous landlord, and his benighted tenants, not having learned the noble sport of the future and more enlightened days, "landlord shooting," loved and respected Gorman.

Gorman had a well in his garden, fed by a crystal mountain spring as clear as the "Well of St. Keyne." Gorman's well was hewn out of the rock, and finished within and without with masonry, beautiful to behold. Once every year the water was drawn off, and the well cleansed to perfect purity; for once a year Gorman gave a great feast to his tenantry, and great and small were bidden to the feast. This great

banquet was always held at the close of Gorman's harvest. It was known over all the country, looked forward to with joy, and was called "The Feast of Gorman's Well." The feast was in itself of the simplest, yet most substantial character. The viands consisted solely and exclusively of what follows:—

Unlimited quantity—best potatoes,
 Do. do. best salt herrings,
 Do. do. best Irish butter,
 And a great puncheon of Ennishowen whiskey.

Gorman was the designer of a most ingenious arrangement of camp fires, the fuel of which consisted of baked peat—most plentiful in the district, and almost equal to coal—and it was well known to all bidden to Gorman's feast that each family was expected to bring its own grid-iron and drinking utensils. The early hours of this great day were spent in boiling, frying, broiling, and eating. Then followed singing, dancing, athletics, and all manner of rustic sports up to the dinner hour, when boiling, frying, broiling, and eating set in anew, and, to quote a contemporary ballad on the subject,

"They feasted from that ample store
 'Till man and beast could hold no more."

Now you have all heard of the thirst of the sandy desert, and of the longings of the thirsty soul in a dry parched land, but be assured that no man, or woman either, knows anything about thirst who has never had two hearty meals of salt herrings, with song, and reel, and jig between.

True to the stroke of the clock did Gorman's great bell ring out the appointed hour, and 'mid the cheers of the multitude the great puncheon was rolled out, and its whole contents emptied into the crystal well. Then the goodly company, under the fostering care of their princely host, filed past in orderly array. Jugs and jars, pots and pans were filled in order fair; there lacked not a man, for

Gorman's edict had gone forth, "Come on, Macduff!" on till the thirstiest soul cries "Hold, enough." Then Keddal Gorman mounted his horse and rode in state through the ranks, 'mid cheers and greetings; and a thousand toasts were deeply quaffed, and revel and dance and song awoke the echoes of the mountains till the last star faded in the dawn of another day.

Such is a feeble picture of one day of the yearly feast of "Gorman's Harvest Home." It is well authenticated that its annual celebration lasted, without break or intermission, for twenty-one years; but, alas, all earthly joys must end. On the 1st of October, 18—, was its sad and final celebration. On that day every right had been duly observed, as oft before, and up to the following dawn "all had gone merry as a marriage bell," when, alas, some strife arose; high words were followed by harder blows; two parties were formed; sticks, frying-pans, and even more deadly weapons were brought to bear; heads and limbs were broken—one party was forced into a river that ran hard by, a beautiful girl, one of the belles of the day, and two young men were drowned, others were maimed for life. Many were the trials and imprisonments that followed. Gorman narrowly escaped. He fell sick and died soon after—many said of grief—and loud and long was the wail of lamentation over the grave of this "brave old Irish gentleman, one of the olden time." Keddal Gorman left no son. His deeds have preserved his name. His house is an ivied ruin; the breeze sighs through its broken walls. The crystal spring still flows, but the well has mouldered down; it is choked with mud, covered by the bramble, the bracken, and the tangled weeds, and gray-haired men who live hard by can tell the tale as told by their fathers, who revelled and fought at the tragic fray of "Keddal Gorman's last feast."



MY BARBER.

BY W. R. CREDLAND.

WHO welcomes me with charming smile,
And bows in ancient-fashioned style,
While to a seat I'm shown the while?

My Barber.

Who hopes I'm very well to-day,
And says the weather's "moist" or "gay,"
In very quaint old-fashioned way?

My Barber.

Who slips a cloth beneath my chin,
And gently, gently tucks it in,
As like a lamb I bear and grin?

My Barber.

Who reads his *Saturday Review*,
His *Standard*, and his *Courier* too,
Till all the world seems of one hue?

My Barber

Who wonders why I cannot see
The depth of Gladstone's perfidy,
The fell design in each fell'd tree?

My Barber.

And as he rubs the lather round,
And slowly covers all the "ground,"
Whereon a single bristle's found—

My Barber.

Grows eloquent on landlords' wrongs
From Irish hounds of hell, and longs
To shave the Fenians in throngs?

My Barber.

Then grasps his awful weapon fast,
And fiercely strops it on the last,
While I recall my wicked past—

My Barber.

And as the blade is raised in air,
I close mine eyes and breathe a prayer;
The razor falls, I scarce feel where—

Dear Barber.

For though thy words are full of stress,
Thine hand is tender as the press
Of lovers' lips in first caress—

Dear Barber.

And though we never can agree,
When once I'm off thy chair; and we
Have many fights o'er policy—

My Barber.

Yet when the scraping's nearly done,
And I am fixed and cannot run;
Who sometimes will in grimmest fun—

My Barber.

His razor press upon my throat,
And tell me some wild anecdote
Of murder done in place remote?

My Barber.

Then loudly cry—Sir, surely you,
Now see things from my point of view?
And I—well I, admit I do—

Sly Barber.

And so the shaving game goes on,
While thoughts on all things 'neath the sun,
And wit and wisdom, joke and pun—

My Barber.

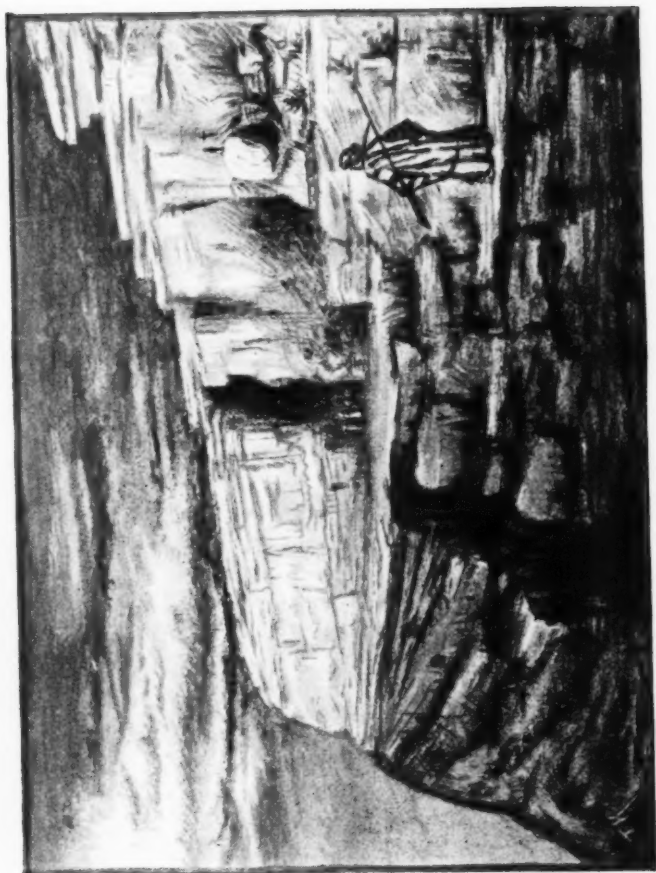
Fall from thy lips in easy flow,
'Till, when at last I'm forced to go,
I wish I'd *twenty* beards to grow.

My Barber.

A mixture strange and rare thou art,
I scarce can tell thy softest part,
Thy lather or thy dear old heart.

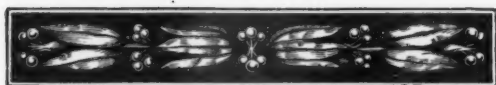
My Barber.





THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

From a drawing by Thomas Key.



A POTSDHERD FROM PALESTINE.

BY THOMAS KAY.

IT is only a little bit of broken pot, scarcely injured by time, the destroyer of all things—only a bit of unglazed earthenware—but it is from the Holy Land. In all probability, it was the result of an early effort in the art of pottery, by the cave-dwellers of that country, made before Abraham came from Ur of the Chaldees, to build his altars on the high mountains, and to plant groves of trees around them, wherein to worship his God. For all I know, it may have been the work of one of the first potters of the Trogodytes—those cave-men who are said to have seated their dead on high places, and stoned them until a cairn was raised to envelope them, and thus to form the earliest funeral monument of which we have any information. To me, it indicates a people who were, before Baal was. I look upon it as a relic of those giants whose descendants were conquered by Joshua and the host of Israel, when they came to the promised land, after their captivity in Egypt. I took it from the floor of one of the most celebrated of historical caves, that of Adullam. I gathered it from its earthy matrix, five feet deep, down below the surface, where it had lain who can say “how long?” Potsherds and dust intermingled, trodden by the innumerable feet of countless generations, is the composition of this floor. The dust may have been carried in by the feet of its denizens, may have had its contributions from the winds of heaven, which howl up the ravine in periods of storm, and a little may have been added by the cooking fires acting upon its limestone walls;

but the potsherds of Adullam, with which the cave earth is filled, are the work of men's hands. The water from the wells is carried in such pottery ware upon the heads of their children, and strong men have drunk libations to their gods out of such vessels. They may have been the granaries of Troglodytes, the cinerariums of the Canaanites, the wine-jars of the giants, or the drinking cups of King David—possibly of that cup from which he threw the water brought him from the well of Bethlehem to this cave, when he said, "My God forbid it me that I should do this thing: shall I drink of the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it."*

Behold me, leaving the Jaffa gate of Jerusalem, in company with my dragoman, Demetrius Doman, who is at the same time my guide, counsellor, and friend, "pricking o'er the plain" towards Bethlehem, on one of those beautiful mornings in spring, when the sun shines brightly in a cloudless sky, and the short rich herbage is spangled o'er with flowers. To our left is Mount Zion, with its domes just showing above the walls, across the Pool of Gihon, which is enclosed in the valley. Lower down is the second pool, and beyond lies the valley of Hinnom, the scene of the sacrifices to Moloch. The Potter's Field, or Field of Blood, is above to the south, and leaving it, with the dismal thought it engenders, behind us, we gallop along the road until we come to the tomb of Rachel, "that is in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." We draw rein a moment, and pay homage to it, not only as a monument which here covers the place where "Jacob set up a pillar upon her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave to this day"—where she died in giving birth to Benjamin—but because it is also a record of the first authentic love story known

* 1 Chron. xi, 17, 18, 19.

to me in the history of the world. It is a very short one, but rounded off as it is with a beautiful poetic thought, I think it worth a hundred novels of the ordinary nineteenth-century type. It occupies the space of about a shilling telegram:—

"Rachel was beautiful and well-favoured, and Jacob loved her. And Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her."

That is the story. Seven years seemed to him but a few days for the love he had to her. I do not think any words could more comprehensively express the sublime sentiment than these. Jacob's cup, which contained all his happiness, was here shattered, and this tomb is a sherd from the cup, a fragment left by the side of the way, to bring this 3,000-year-old story back to our memories. The spirit of Rachel is enshrined here; she is poetically represented as presiding over the district, and sanctifying it for all time. The prophet Jeremiah alludes to it, and St. Matthew quotes him in reference to the massacre of the innocents at Bethlehem, "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentations and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not."

We must hasten on our road, however, to get a drink at the wells at the Gate of Bethlehem, whose waters David longed for when he was hidden in the cave of Adullam, and the Philistines were encamped in the valley of Rephaim, for our journey to-day is in quest of the potsherd of Adullam. We have probably all seen those ancient vases of Greek and Etruscan ware, whereon scenes, religious and household rites and ceremonies, are painted. I like to fancy that I possess a Hebrew one with Bible sketches of life and manners in Canaan pictured upon it, such as Jacob and Rachel, David and Saul, Ruth and Naomi. Bits of it are wanting here and there, as is the case very often with genuine old pottery; the glaze has decayed, and the design

become more or less obliterated, but we have that one of Ruth and Naomi remarkably complete. Ruth was the grandmother of that Jesse who was the father of David. She possessed a virtue which is said to be exceedingly rare at the present day, in that she loved her mother-in-law ; and the simple diction of the appeal she made to her I look upon as one of the most pathetic utterances in the world's history. It is this:—

"Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and whither thou lodgest I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried ; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

We are passing through the fields in which she was gleaning corn when seen by Boaz ; and in one of the mounds by Rachel's tomb she is in all probability buried. Perchance a sherd of the pot in which she carried home the ephah of barley is to be found by diligent search, but let us pick up the first that happens on the road and fancy it is the same, and yet, if fancy will do it, I declare I will be contented with the one I am seeking in Adullam, as David may have preserved the pottery of his good old ancestress, and I may hap to find the very sherd I want. We stay at the well which is at the entrance to Bethlehem, and drink of its sweet waters ; we also fill our water-bottles for the journey, as we are going into the dry land of the wilderness.

Another scene on my Biblical vase is the gate of Bethlehem, which we are now approaching. Boaz is seated on the ground calling out, "Ho ! such a one ! turn aside, and sit down here," and he keeps stopping people until he has ten other men beside him, and he has the renunciation completed by his relative, who is willing to have Naomi's estate, but objects to take Ruth, and so Boaz secures Ruth and takes her to wife, and the sale or ceremony

is completed by plucking off his shoe and giving it to a neighbour.

If one could dwell here and be of the people, we should perhaps find that like virtues and similar customs still exist, for justice is meted out at the gate, and sales, barter, and gossip are in these places thus conducted throughout the land. Such are some of the sherds of history to be met with on our way. We proceed up the narrow street of dust-coloured houses to the square before the Church of the Nativity. The birth of Christ which here occurred has shed a halo upon it which is spreading over the whole world. I shall not take you inside this church with me, lest your treasured vase of perfect faith be shattered, and lest you be left with nothing but the potsherds of hope to content you, but we will look at the blue-robed villagers, and the brown-clad Bedouin, with their camels reclining on the ground or stalking majestically, slowly, and silently along, the carvers of shells for sale to pilgrims, and the children playing in the dust, while the dragoman seeks for a guide to lead us to Adullam. Bethlehem, like almost all towns and villages of Palestine, stands on a hill, and from its great square a good view is to be obtained. The valley on the north is laid out in well-stocked, walled-in gardens, and here and there are watch towers to prevent depredations on fruit in autumn. The wilderness in the east is a wide expanse of treeless undulating waste, green with the spring verdure. It is here that "the shepherds watch their flocks by night," and lead them to the green pastures by day. Beyond, the blue mountains of Moab bound the horizon, and the Dead Sea lies in a deep valley between, invisible to us. The park-like country to the west has copses of trees, naked rock, and terraced land, where the vine was cultivated in the days of Saul and David, and it is likely to be again.

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And now my dragoman appears with a guide, who is clad from neck to toe in a long white shirt, with a coloured girdle, in which is stuck a long curved knife or dagger; he is likewise armed with a long brass-bound gun, the sort of thing which has to be rested on a rock to obtain a steady aim, as the barrel is out of all proportion to the length of the stock. He, however, has an amiable countenance, and is pleasant-mannered, and seeming warlike from a distance, one may say he has assumed the virtue of bravery even if he has it not. We are, it appears, going into the country of the Bedouin, those sons of Ishmael whose hands are against every man and every man's hand against them, as it was assured to Hagar, and is maintained as their international code unto this day. My dragoman has not been able to obtain a guide who has partaken of bread and salt with any of the tribes about, so, as he explains, arms are necessary. We are soon descending into a rugged ravine on the south-east, with a view of the bare hills sloping into each other in the distance like waves of the sea. The Frank mountain, where Herod held his court, stands erect in the distance, as if dominating the land. It is in the form of a truncated cone, and is said to have been artificially raised. As we scramble down the limestone rocks we meet a troop of the maidens of Bethlehem. Each has a load of scrub on her back, gathered from the mountains, and they come tripping upon bare feet, with a lilting grace which attests to the value of their mountain air and training. They shyly cover their faces as we pass by, and then rest on the rocks to watch us descend into the dry watercourse. On we go by the margin of the rugged channel, through a deserted valley. There are no flocks or herds grazing in the green hollows, and few birds or living things except lizards, which dart into the scrub at our approach. After an hour of this valley we come suddenly upon an old Bedouin woman washing clothes in

a little pool of the brook-course formed under a large boulder stone. There is no habitation in sight, and it comes upon me with quite a shock of surprise. We pass without speech, and presently hear the far-off cry of an invisible person from the deep shadows on the mountain side; anon it is repeated on the opposite hill, and we can faintly see a shepherd with his flocks, as specks on the brown hill side. "Bedouin signalling our approach," says Demetrius. Turning up a ravine to the right we cross it, and climb the shoulder of the opposite hill. At the top we find some half-dozen bare and levelled circular rock spaces, some forty yards in diameter. I inquire what they are. "Threshing floors," my guide answers, and visions of the unmuzzled oxen threshing out the corn and the winds of heaven winnowing the chaff from the wheat rise before me as old pictures on my Biblical vase—but we must hurry on. We begin the descent on the other side of the mountain, through an unenclosed patch of growing corn, belonging to the Bedouin, until it becomes so steep that we have to dismount and scramble down as best we can, pulling the horses after us with the danger of a tumble into a gorge some 400 feet deep, the bottom of which is strewn with immense and jagged rocks. The country is of limestone, and is very like in character that of the lower end of Miller's Dale. It is treeless except for scrub, and waterless except in stormy or rainy seasons. The stratification of the rocks is horizontal, and so it forms steps and platforms throughout the valley. The foundations of ancient buildings attest a former occupation. Some dwarf black cattle are grazing on the rich sweet herbage, and at our approach a Bedouin comes out of a cave to our left. He leaps from rock to rock across the intervening chasm, and seems glad to see us and have a talk with my people. He leads us along the precipice to a platform, where little drops of water splash from above, and "under the shadow

of the great rock in a weary land" we partake of a welcome lunch.

Having retired to sketch this scene, I am interrupted by the advent of another strange being, a dirty ragged unkempt Bedouin, wearing a brown-striped sack or gown. Attached to his girdle is a curved scimitar, the shape of a half moon, with the scabbard all battered and worn; and across his shoulders is what looks like one of the first guns ever made, it seems so ancient with its cumbrous flint lock and brass-bound barrels. When Dugald Dalgetty saw the Children of the Mist fighting with bows and arrows, he cried "And why not Goliath and the weaver's beam?" so at sight of this uncouth visitor I am tempted to exclaim "Saladin and the Saracens," here is a fugitive from one of the last battlefields of the Crusades! or, may be it is the Wandering Jew, with a musket stolen during the middle ages. Such is another strange picture to be found in the old country. But we must seek for this potsherd of David's, for this is Adullam, and where is the cave?

Returning a short distance the way we had come, and mounting the natural steps, we climb to the top of a big rock which is on a level with the entrance to the cave, but with a deep chasm intervening of five or six feet wide; my guide and dragoman spring across and receive me in their arms as I follow, and now we are in the classic precincts of this ancient refuge for the destitute. We are in the cave of Adullam. Not the least interesting story in the Bible is that of David and his many escapes from the pursuits of Saul, as set forth in the 1st Book of Samuel. We read of him in Gath as being afraid of the King Achish, and who he "changed his behaviour before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scrabbled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down upon his beard;" and how he "departed thence, and escaped to the cave of Adullam: and when his brethren and all his father's house, who

dwelt in Bethlehem, heard it they went down thither to him. And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about 400 men." I fancy now a captious critic asking, "Yes! but how do you know that this is the real cave of Adullam?" My answer is, that "I don't want to know anything different; I have faith! a perfect faith, which, if it will remove mountains, is surely strong enough to justify the belief in a cave which is but 'an airy nothing,' and to 'give to an airy nothing a local habitation and a name' is a privilege we shall not forego." But let us suppose that this is not the cave of Adullam. It certainly is on the way to Engedi, and as I am convinced of the reality of my potsderd, there shall be no loophole of escape from the conviction that the psalmist, harpist, warrior and king, David, was intimately associated with my cave, and by consequence my potsderd, for when Saul was told that David was in the wilderness of Engedi he took 3,000 chosen men and went to seek him upon the rocks of the wild goats.

And he came to the sheepscoats *by the way*, where was a cave; and Saul went in to cover his feet; and "David and his men were abiding in the innermost parts of the cave."

"Then David arose, and cut off the skirt of Saul's coat privily," and his heart smote him that he had done this thing to the Lord's anointed, and he suffered not his servants to rise against Saul.

"But Saul rose up out of the cave and went on his way." "David also arose afterward and went out of the cave, and cried after Saul, saying, 'My Lord the King.' And when Saul looked behind him, David stooped with his face to the earth and bowed himself."

The whole of this interesting episode is written in the 24th chapter 1st Book of Samuel, and is an instance of the magnanimity of this great man. Saul said unto David, "Thou art more righteous than I; for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil," and so on.

Now this took place "by the way" to "Engedi," and "David and his men were in the innermost parts of the cave," and here we are in the very hold itself of a cavern on the way to Engedi. It is a marvellous cave, with clean white limestone walls and arched pillars, rising from the level clay floor to the roof—a natural cathedral. A dim religious solemnity seems to abide in the silent hall, and ghosts of its past history seem to haunt the gloomy depths of the remote corners and the groined roof spaces. A critic may ask what length and breadth has it? Well, I cannot tell him, as it is neither round nor square nor an oblong nor a parallelogram. It is wide and long, and the thin candles we bear give us no idea; they illuminate the individual who carries them, and the floor under his feet, but beyond the first entrance-hall everything is darkness, glamour and mystery. We pass on into the interior, proceeding to the left, and note a few eyelets in the rock, invisible from the outside, which afford good outlooks from within. We turn to the right, where the cave seems to increase in height, "And now," says the guide, "along the passage, half-an-hour from here, there is another hall larger than this." I crawled along for five minutes in a stooping posture towards the nether cave, but it was so insufferably hot, and the breathing of the fine dust made us so terribly thirsty, that I abandoned further research. To speak generally, you may suppose the first hall is nearly the size of the Peak cavern in Derbyshire, where the rope walk is, but its entrance is only a slit in the rock, the size of an ordinary doorway, so that it can be easily defended, and what is particularly remarkable is, that the inner cave would be the place "in the innermost parts of the cave" where David and his men lay while Saul was sleeping in the entrance-hall; and hence, if some critic is disposed to be contentious of my first proposition, he must accept the

second, that this was the cave wherein David cut off the skirt of Saul's robe.

But where is my potsherd?

In the centre of the first hall a former visitor had caused to be excavated a hole about four or five feet deep. I jump into it, and examine it with the light from my candle, and find every inch of its dust to be mixed with broken pots, and from the very bottom I draw forth my potsherd. A geologist in his folly might venture to tell us how fast cave earth grows, but that it grew fastest when it was a residence there is no manner of doubt; that it increased greatly in David's time is also true, but that it is growing now I greatly question. As the dress and manners of the people are very much the same as those of 1,000 years ago, so do I feel that the surface of this cave is changed as little as they. Now after Saul's death, when David had been anointed king in Hebron, which is a few hours passing south from this cave, and the Philistines rose against him and were garrisoned at Bethlehem and encamped in the Valley of Rephaim, it occurred that he was again in this hold in the rock, and three of the thirty captains went down to him into the cave of Adullam. Now given a large number of men inhabiting a place like this, without water but in a temperature like that of a drying stove, it is easy to understand the longing of David when he said:

"Oh! that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate!" And we read, "that three brake through the host of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate and took it, and brought it to David; but David would not drink of it but poured it out to the Lord!" and said, "My God forbid it me that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it. Therefore he would not drink it." These things did these three mightiest. I. Chronicles xi, 15, 17, 18, 19.

And these three men, to see how grandly they are chronicled, read the succeeding verses. Abishai had

lifted up his spear and slain three hundred. Benaiah slew two lion-like men of Moab, "also he went down and slew a lion in a pit on a snowy day!" "And he slew an Egyptian, a man of great stature, five cubits high (9ft. 9in.), and he went down to him with a staff and plucked the spear out of the Egyptian's hand, and slew him with his own spear!" And yet the chronicler is careful to tell us that these "attained not to the first three." The Jews, with such an ancestry, where are they now? They have turned their spears into pens, and exchanged their swords for craft and subtlety; as a race their physical prowess is gone, but in intellect they are still powerful. Disunited and scattered as they may be, they are cultivating a force of the future, in the attainment of intellectual power and wealth. What will be the outcome and when? Will these riches command science and thereby power? They will not believe a Saviour has come, and will not commingle in blood with other nations, but patiently submit to persecutions and robbery, with no government of their own to appeal to; still firm in the faith of their ancestors and obedient to the law of Moses, which has been their guide for 3,000 years. Strange race! What other nation has undergone so many vicissitudes as the Jews? Enslaved in Egypt! wanderers in the desert! conquerors in Palestine! carried away into captivity again and again! driven from Zion and dispersed among nations, they still maintain their faith and their race, while their enslavers and conquerors have been enslaved and conquered in their turn, and so absorbed in the wide roll of humanity and their nationality lost. Over 2,000 years ago it was written: "And the remnant of Judah shall be among the Gentiles in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord, as the showers upon the grass, that tarrieth not for man nor waiteth for the sons of men." Micah v. 7.

Such is the record of my potsdherd.

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